

# ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

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SURF-BATHING.

## AT THE SEA-SHORE.

**A**LTHOUGH sixty miles from the ocean as the bird flies, we of Philadelphia—thanks to iron rails and locomotives!—have a suburb on the sea. We take our seat in one of the comfortable cars of the Camden and Atlantic Railroad, and in ninety minutes, scarcely longer than it requires to traverse our city from one extreme to the other, find ourselves at the sea-shore, and amid the beautiful villas and cottages of Atlantic City. What a new sense of life we feel as the pure breezes touch us and fill our expanding lungs! And the sight of the great ocean, stretching far away until it is lost in the horizon—how it calms and impresses us! We sit down, and with the rush and roar of the breakers in our ears, feel a deep sense of quiet. If we have a friend by our side, we speak to him only in monosyllables, or are silent altogether. We are for the time alone with nature; we hear her voice as if speaking to us alone, though hundreds and even thousands may be thronging the beach.

How cool the breeze that comes upon us! Through all our being flows

“The breath of a new life—the healing of the seas!”

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In the words of Whittier we say:

“Good-bye to pain and care! I take  
Mine ease to-day;

Here, where these sunny waters break,  
And ripples this keen breeze, I shake  
All burdens from my heart, all weary thoughts away.

“I draw a freer breath; I seem  
Like all I see—

Waves in the sun—the white-winged gleam  
Of sea-birds in the slanting beam—  
And far-off sails which flit before the south wind free.

\* \* \* \* \*  
“What heed I of the dusty land  
And noisy town?

I see the mighty deep expand  
From its white line of glimmering sand,  
To where the blue of heaven and bluer waves shut down!

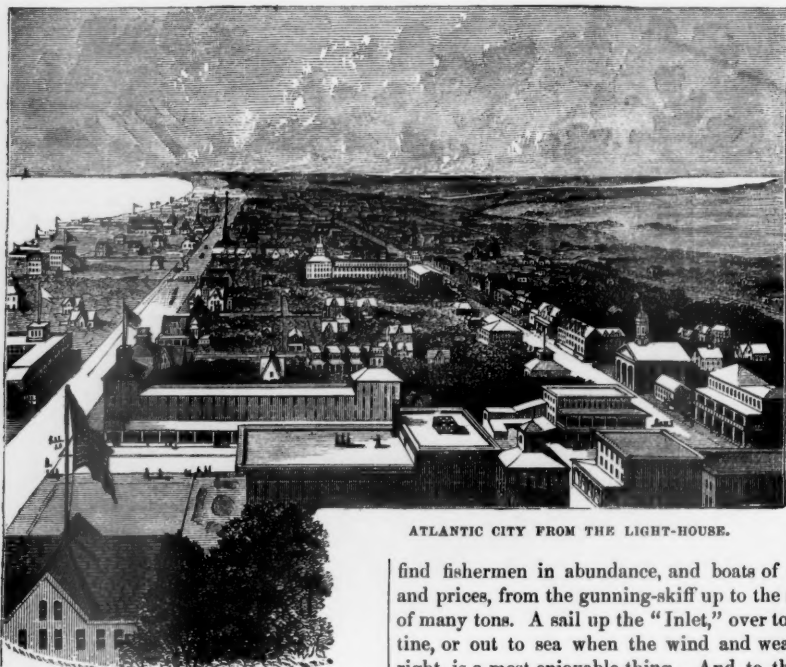
“In listless quietude of mind  
I yield to all

The change of cloud and wave and wind;  
And passive on the flood reclined,  
I wander with the waves, and with them rise and fall.”

And then poet after poet clothes our changing  
thoughts and feelings in fitter language than we can  
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give to them ourselves. With Barry Cornwall we exclaim:

"The sea! the sea! the open sea!  
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!  
Without a mark, without a bound,  
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;  
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;  
Or like a cradled creature lies."



ATLANTIC CITY FROM THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

Or, we repeat with Shea:

"But thou art almighty—  
Eternal—sublime—  
Unwearied—unwasted—  
Twin-brother of Time!  
Fleets, tempests nor nations  
Thy glory can bow;  
As the stars first beheld thee,  
Still chainless art thou!"

The grand apostrophe of Byron comes up again from memory, and again stirs us with its majestic images.

After these first sea-side impressions, which are felt by all who have any true sensibility, the visitor begins to observe the new life into the midst of which he has come, and to take note of the place and its many phases and attractions. If it be mid-summer, he finds himself in a city whose inhabitants have increased in a few weeks from one or two to ten or twenty thousand. He is surrounded by beautiful and luxurious homes. The streets are alive with pleasure-seekers, and gay with dashing equipages. As the day declines, he goes to the beach, and mingles with the crowds that throng the promenade—or, in

humbler phrase, "board-walk"—where the denizens of our city by the sea pass an hour or two, until the darkness, or the chill of the heavier sea-breeze, or the attractions of the "hop," or concert, or the band at the United States Hotel, warns or lures them away.

If the visitor is fond of sailing or fishing, he will drive down to the "Inlet," or make his way there by the street cars, at a cost of ten cents. Here he will

find fishermen in abundance, and boats of all sizes and prices, from the gunning-skiff up to the schooner of many tons. A sail up the "Inlet," over to Brigantine, or out to sea when the wind and weather are right, is a most enjoyable thing. And to those who do not care for fishing or sailing, an hour in the cool pavilion at the "Inlet," with its outlook to sea, and scores of sailboats flitting about, or taking in and landing passengers, is full of quiet enjoyment, as well as health. In the hottest days it is always fresh and cool here.

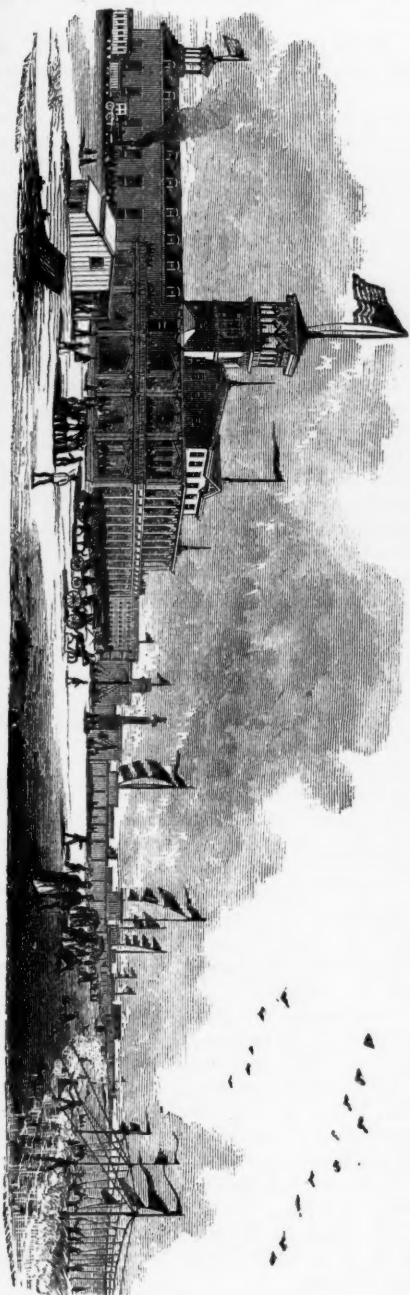
From the light-house, seen at the left of the picture which shows the "Inlet," our view of Atlantic City is taken. At the other extreme end of the city stands the Excursion House, a view of which is also presented. Scarcely a day passes from the opening to the close of the season, that the cars do not bring down a party of excursionists who spend the day at the sea-shore, and then return to the city in the evening. Some of these parties are very large, ranging from four or five hundred, up to as high as two, and sometimes three thousand persons. The cars land them at the Excursion House, where every facility is afforded for comfort, recreation and amusement, and where, for a small sum, bathing-dresses can always be had for those who wish to get a dip in the ocean.

A first impression, on the mention of this fact, is, that the presence of so large a body of excursionists on the island must greatly interfere with the comfort and quiet of the place. But this is not so. The

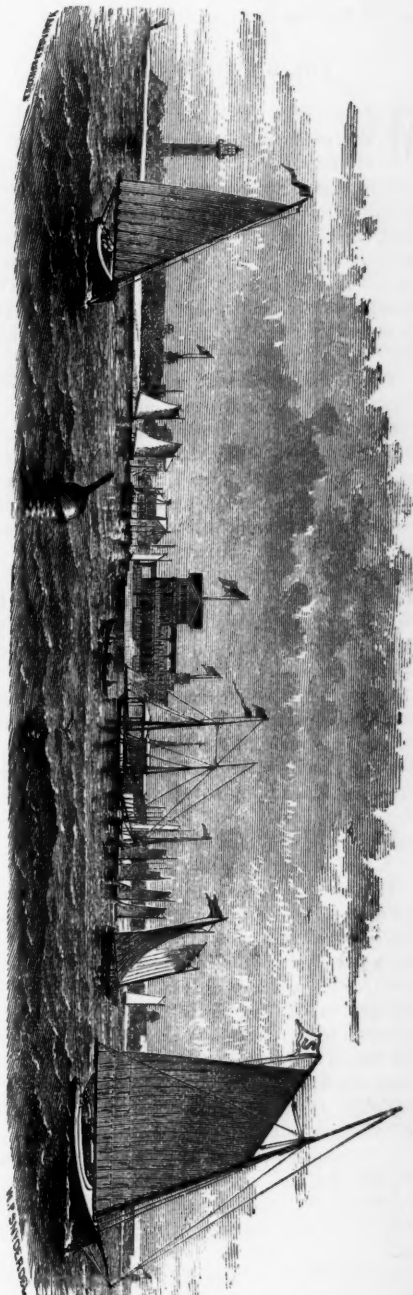
regular denizens of the island, who fill up the cottages, boarding-houses and hotels, would scarcely know of the presence of these daily visitors if they

sometimes, the rowdy and desperado makes his appearance among them, a wholesome fear of New Jersey law, and the difficulty of getting bail, if under

THE EXCURSION HOUSE.



UP THE INLET.



did not go to the Excursion House, which many do, in order to note the phases of life which is to be seen there. For the most part, these excursionists are orderly and respectable persons, and if, as will happen

arrest, generally prove sufficient to make him behave himself.

For rapid, safe and comfortable transit from our city to the sea-shore, and for ample means for the

transportation of the tens of thousands who go backward and forward during the summer-time, our people are indebted to the careful supervision and comprehensive intelligence of the managers of the Camden and Atlantic Railroad.

### THE CHILDREN OF ALICE.

MR. and Mrs. Estabrook rejoiced in the possession of five daughters, and a certain Mr. Wistar Grandy seemed determined on taking one of them to wife. No sooner had the three elder-born severally arrived at the age of eighteen than he proposed, and was three times rejected. Victoria, Josephine, Jessie, declined the honor of his hand; it was left Lera to accept. Do you ask what was their objection to the gentleman? Mainly what shall be the objection to us all if we live long enough—he was old.

When Mrs. Estabrook was Alice Marr, Wistar Grandy loved her, and never quite got over it. Not that the fair matron, blessed and praised by husband and children, was other than a friend to be greeted calmly, and altogether revered, but there was in the man's nature a tender tenacity which forbade his forming new attachments, save in the name and for the sake of the old. So, the children of Alice growing up one after the other in her sweet, pure image, made the old man such a boy he dared hope to see that young dream come true. Reasonable and sensible on every other subject, on this alone Mr. Grandy seemed possessed.

Although disposed to conceal his weakness, as they would an uncle's or a brother's, it was a source of serious annoyance to the Estabrooks. Finally, after holding a family convention, and admitting several tried, true friends into their counsels, it was agreed that when Lera's turn came she should accept, although the engagement must be kept secret for a time, and the wedding indefinitely postponed.

The freedom of the house was already Mr. Grandy's; the girls all kissed him when he came and when he left. The kiss he gave Lera on receiving her answer was precisely like those she had been accustomed to nearly all her life, neither more nor less. Nor was the gentleman's manner changed in the slightest; always a trifle reserved, mild, quiet, kind, it was none the less so now that his hopes might be supposed to have almost reached their full fruition. As for Lera, although young in years, she proved equal to the situation and all that was expected of her.

"Wistar," leaving off the "uncle" as naturally as though she had never used it in that connection, "Jessie and I intend spending the summer at Uncle Abiel's, among the mountains; you are to go with us."

It was odd to see that dim, tender look in the eyes turned upon her. Victoria, observing it, whispered to Josephine: "He gazes as though wondering, are you in a dream or am I?"

After a pause and a long-drawn breath, Mr. Grandy remarked: "I fear I must disappoint you, my child;

mountain air does not agree with me. And, as you are aware, my boarding-house is so pleasant, my landlady so kind, I seldom care to leave either for strange scenes and people; still, if you say the seashore—"

"I detest the shore and dote on mountains," declared Lera, abruptly. "To the mountains you must go."

"She's as sweet and good-tempered as Alice was before her, but a trifle pettish just now," reflected Mr. Grandy on his way home that night. "Well," with a sigh, "I suppose this exercise of authority, this desire to prove her power, is natural. I must submit; I must go to the mountains."

June's last day rising from an altar of roses, and treading rose-strewn paths, saw the party fairly off. After ever so many miles of railway, there was yet a stage-route to go over, then a two-mile ride in Uncle Abiel's private conveyance. Peering out from under the wagon's hood, the girls' faces were bright, merry, wide-awake; but poor Mr. Grandy looked so shaken down, the kind uncles and aunts took him in charge the moment he touched their threshold.

After Jessie's and Lera's ceaseless chatter, how grateful the repose of that cool guest-chamber around which Aunt Relectra moved so noiselessly. Although a Miss Estabrook, and with silver-threaded hair, yet Wistar Grandy, lying there in the fading twilight, fancied there was a look of Alice in her large, dark eyes.

"Aren't they beautiful?" cried Lera next morning, pouring a heap of wood-treasures into this lady's lap.

"Yes, dear, mosses and lichen are always beautiful. Some one has truly called them the 'still, small voice of the Lord.' They remind me of that passage in 1st Kings, where a strong wind rent the mountains and broke into pieces the rocks; the Lord, we are told, was not in this, nor in the fire, but in the gentle whisper coming afterward. So, it seems to me, there are chaotic movements in nature, and growths which appear like mere upheavals; but who can look upon this delicate interweaving and not feel that the finger of God has touched it—not hear the still, small voice of the Lord?"

"You have put into words a thought I have always held precious, yet never could express; I thank you," said Mr. Grandy, with an eloquent glance.

For an instant, as she looked from one to the other, Lera's face wore the sweet, grave expression characteristic of the children of Alice; the next she was bright and saucy again.

"You must both go with us to-morrow and gather more," she said.

"I'm afraid my day for climbing rocks and hunting about in unwholesome places is over," laughed Aunt Relectra.

"You, then," remarked Lera, touching Mr. Grandy authoritatively with her fern sceptre.

"No," replied Aunt Relectra, speaking for him; "like myself, Mr. Grandy is not accustomed to traveling, and has not got over the fatigue of the



journey. You are not to tempt him out until he is entirely recovered."

Away back in her youth, Relectra Estabrook had had a woman's thoughts and hopes regarding matrimony; but they were long since laid away. Although she possessed a snug income in her own right, was yet under fifty, and not unattractive, and although there were widowers of a suitable age in that vicinity, by no means obdurate, still she believed that her time for marrying was past, and felt content to have it so. How little she dreamed of plans concocted under her brother Noah's roof, and carried out under her own, which were destined ultimately to destroy this happy state of mind.

"I can't help feeling uneasy about it," remarked Mrs. Estabrook, after reading one of Lera's jubilant letters. "Even if Uncle Wistar does fall in love with Relectra, he is the soul of honor; and how will my dear girl break her engagement without lowering herself in his esteem?"

"Leave that to the dear girl's self, my love," returned Mr. Estabrook. "It's well she was chosen—neither of the others could have been trusted. Lera's young, but she's fully capable of managing this affair creditably to all concerned."

"What if Aunt Relectra will not consent?" put in Victoria, turning a ring on her finger, which signified her own consent given to somebody.

"She must—she will," replied Mr. Estabrook, stoutly. "It has been the dream of my married life to have those two brought together; and I've never been able to realize it until now. Heretofore, all my innocent endeavors were frustrated; he refused to go, and she refused to come. Engaged to Lera, he was obliged to go; and Relectra, doing her best for her nephew-in-law, has done her best for herself, too. Really," here Noah Estabrook burst into a hearty laugh, "the plot and the sequel that is to be, ought to go into print straightway."

As the days ran on Mr. Grandy occasionally accompanied the girls in their rambles, and even Aunt Relectra was at times persuaded to make one of the party. More frequently, however, the elder couple were left alone together. Abiel and Ezra, the brothers, spent their time looking after stock and crops; Mrs. Tuftwood, a widowed sister, and Mrs. Ezra Estabrook, either slept or attended tea-drinkings in a neighboring village, the boys belonging to the former were at school, while the two colored servants found themselves sufficiently occupied with their own affairs in the rear of the mansion.

The Estabrooks being people of considerable culture and ample means, endeavored, as far as possible, to avoid the drudgery of farm-life and surround themselves by elevating and refining influences. Aunt Relectra's house-dresses were calico, yet she contrived to make them up so tastefully, nothing could have looked prettier. Sitting on the old-fashioned brown porch, with red-rose petals dropping around her, and mountain-breezes coming down to lift her silver-braided hair, she formed a picture Wistar Grandy never wearied of.

By and by young people who had known Jessie and Lera on the occasion of former visits found them out, then—according to the latter—there was no "peace." None for nut-brown heads and laughing eyes, but sufficient for silver locks and sober glances. Wistar Grandy and Aunt Relectra sat on the vine-trellised porch, took quiet rides among the hills, or visited the sick and poor, while the summer days glided by, and neither ever found them too long. Meanwhile, gossipers, being ignorant of the real state of affairs, gave them to each other—and even named the day.

"Like Alice—like Alice." Such was the continual refrain of Mr. Grandy's thought. Not the Alice of years gone by, but the Alice of to-day: "a perfect woman, nobly planned." Slowly, slowly the image of that first love faded away, giving place to the love of the present, the real dispossessing the ideal. As for Relectra Estabrook, the skeleton that is in every house, was a tolerably big one in theirs, and particularly hard on her. Indeed, things had come to such a pass, Mr. Grandy couldn't help but see and understand, and she wondered how it would be possible to live on and endure when his support and sympathy were withdrawn.

The September moon waned, and there was some talk of the party returning home. One evening, Lera, leaning alone on the garden-gate, heard Mr. Grandy's quick, decided tread, the next moment he stood beside her.

"Little one," he said, tenderly, "do you love me very dearly?"

"Very dearly, indeed," replied Lera.

"Yes, yes," he answered, still with the utmost tenderness, yet with an undertone of regret the girl was quick to detect.

"Very dearly, indeed, as a friend, an uncle," she continued.

"Nothing more?"

In the light of the dull gold, fading out over the hills, Lera saw that manly face flush and kindle expectantly.

"Nothing more," she answered.

"And never have?"

"Never have. Are you satisfied?"

"More than satisfied," he replied, clasping her warm, white hands. "Lera, little girl, I've been 'shaking the dreamland tree,' and—"

"Down drops something real for thee," returned Lera, following up the rhyme. "Go and get it."

One week from that day they went home together, Relectra Estabrook accompanying them, and she had rejected Mr. Grandy.

"I'd a thousand times rather have you for a brother-in-law than a son," said Mr. Estabrook. "Never mind 'Lectra, she'll come around all right."

He was not mistaken, the wedding took place about six months subsequent to that of Victoria—who was married shortly after the girls came home, and two months before Josephine's.

"And now," as smart paragraphists say, Coralie Estabrook—youngest of the children of Alice—may

never have the satisfaction of boasting that she refused her first offer

Mr. Grandy is a happy man at last, devoted to his wife, and tenderly beloved, not only by the children of Alice, but by her grandchildren, too.

MADGE CARROL.

### WE DID NOT SAY FAREWELL.

WE did not say farewell;  
We would not, if we were to part again;  
We felt we'd sometimes dwell  
Together, where there is no parting pain.  
It bruised the heart to know  
We'd see each other in this world no more;  
It would have broken long ago,  
Had Faith not fastened on the farther shore.  
So cold the life-winds blow—  
So dim the skies, that darkened on that day  
We were divided—years ago—  
Years green in memory yet, though far away.  
We'll never meet again  
This side the waters of the soundless sea;  
We may on that vast plain—  
God's home of beauty—blest Eternity!  
We tire, in thought, of days  
Perfumed with promise-odors, for 'tis vain—  
Dead flowers along the ways—  
What *has been*, never, *never* will be again.  
We watch, and wait, and pray—  
Watching for golden gleams from that sweet shore—  
Waiting the dawn of day—  
Praying to meet again to part no more.

SARAH I. C. WHITTLESEY.

### WHEN YOU ARE DEAD.

WHEN you are dead, my darling,  
When over you has grown  
The clover and the violets,  
About a grave's white stone;  
When, where your dear feet often trod,  
They may not tread again,  
And you are in the world of God,  
And I the world of men;  
Oh, then, if by your grave, dear,  
I breathe some loving word,  
Say, will you give some sign to me,  
To tell me that you heard?  
Dear, if I kneel beside you,  
And call you, as of old,  
And long upon my bosom  
Your sunny head to hold;  
If, in the grasses growing  
Above your quiet breast,  
Some little flower blossoms—  
Some flower you loved the best;  
The while I kneel beside you,  
And speak my loving word,  
Oh, I shall see it, darling,  
And I shall know you heard!

EBEN E. REXFORD.

### ALMA'S CROWN.

BY EMMA E. BREWSTER.

#### CHAPTER I.

"Who grasped at earthly fame

Grasped at the wind; nay, more, a serpent grasped  
That through his hand slipped smoothly and was gone,  
But left a sting behind that wrought him  
Endless pain."

"Words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in baskets  
of silver."

A LITTLE country church, looking out through an open door on either side the pulpit to the village green, an apple-orchard beyond it, and farther still a large white seminary. Up from the seminary grounds, through the orchard and across the green, wound a narrow footpath, with a stile at each fence; and up the footpath and over the stiles came six school-girls all in white, led by the seminary teachers. A pretty picture it made for the village folk who crowded the small church to overflowing.

The teachers entered at one of the tall, narrow doors, and separated on either side as the girls passed through to the two foremost slips reserved for them.

"That is the valedictorian," whispered one and another who were behind the scenes. "Miss Alma Neale." "What an elegant figure!" "Isn't she handsome? They say her valedictory is splendid."

Alma heard every word. She was perfectly aware that she was handsome, that her costume was the most tasteful, and probably the most expensive, worn by any in the class; and further, that her valedictory poem had been pronounced by those who had heard it the best ever delivered in Pryorville; so her elegant figure became still more elegant with conscious superiority as she moved slowly at the head of her class.

How proud her father and mother would be of their eldest daughter, thought she. 'Tis a pity they could not have been here commencement-week. But her graduating-dresses cost so much that father really could not afford the car-fare. That girl who wrote the salutatory made over an old India mull, and wore the same hat and Colleen Bawn to-day she had worn to that church for the past month, so her mother and little sister might come on to see her graduate. Alma would have died before she had done such a thing. But then Dollie Carmean had not the beauty to set off which Alma had.

At this stage in her reflections, Miss Neale bridled and turned her head toward the minister, in such a way as to turn also the prettiest side of her hat toward the young men in the gallery. Beneath the hat she took good care that every one who cared to look should see a most intent and earnest face upturned to the minister, and drinking in every word with its large, dark eyes.

"Hold that fast which thou hast that no man take thy crown," the minister was saying. "Thy priceless crown of loving, trusting, dutiful womanhood. Loving always the things that are of Heaven first, and never loving, in any one, traits which are not

heavenly. Trusting God first and forever, with a firm and abiding faith that can say, God is good, and His mercy will always endure, even in the utter darkness of despair; and never, dear girls"—in this familiar way he addressed them—"never trusting to an earthly arm. Dutiful, recognizing that the noblest, most useful life you can lead consists in doing your simple duty—doing it for the love of God, doing it for the love of mankind, doing it for the love of yourselves, since every path beside the path of duty is one of sin, and can only end in shame and sorrow for yourselves."

If Alma's boots had not been so tight, she could have listened with more profit, and if she had not been so completely fagged out with hard study, she would have felt the interest she tried to look. But the thought that all eyes were on her tied up her aching lids and tightened the hinges of her mouth. She worked her toes for a few minutes, straightened up desperately and listened again.

"You girls," the minister was saying, "are mostly elder daughters. It is probable that in God's Providence you may all become wives and mothers. It is possible that some will take the position of teachers or writers, and some be obliged from necessity to learn a trade, or enter into business for the support of themselves and families. But in whatever situation you may find yourselves in another year, or even month, you are now all sisters and daughters; and it is as sisters and daughters you are to consider your duties to-day. Aye, and in all days to come, until Divine Providence removes those household ties. There is only one position paramount to that you occupy to-day. As wife and mother, the claims of husband and children will stand above every other. But next to those, and always first—for you whose lives may miss the sweet companionship of husband and children—are the claims of parents, brothers and sisters. No business responsibility, no demand of society, no friendly attachment, has any right to come between you and your home duties. Your duties as sisters, and especially as elder sisters, are the ones I wish to particularly consider at this time. The construction of your own homes, the machinery by which they are worked, each of you knows for herself."

Yes, Alma knew the machinery by which her home was worked very well, and thought also that the nineteen years she had occupied that position fitted her to understand the duties of an elder sister better than the gray-haired man before her. Though she was surprised to hear him say that it was "the duty of an elder sister to keep the household machinery oiled."

Oh! how her feet burned and smarted. It was of no use to try to listen. All her thoughts, ideas and emotions were concentrated in the joints to her little toes. The pain of them almost drove her distracted. But there was Will Scott looking at her. She straightened up, fixed a smile on her face, and her eyes on Mr. Taylor.

This is what he was saying: "This unwavering

faith is, indeed, a pearl of great price, and this we will set as the central stone in our crown. Next to that sparkles, with unvarying lustre, in sunshine and in shadow, in darkness and light, the diamond of cheerfulness. 'I think we can hardly overrate the importance of a uniform pleasantness of temper in a woman. It is more enduring than beauty; it is more charming than culture; it is more precious in a household than great riches. The little frictions and attritions of life, in a circle composed of people of different ages and occupations, are wonderfully softened and composed by the daughter and sister who has the gift of being easily and often pleased. \* \* \* The sunbeam of her smile, and her soft, tender word charms away the depression that is settling cloudlike on some tired one, and always her coming into a room lights it up like the morning.'

"On the other side of the central pearl shines the ruby of tact. Pearls wear away, diamonds may be burned, but rubies endure forever. Thus I give this name to the distinctive female characteristic, so distinctive, indeed, that a woman without tact is an abomination to all who have to do with her. That characteristic which makes agreeable companions and household stays of women who have lost uplifting faith and cheering hope; but, still, through marvelous tact, keep the machinery oiled. A woman with tact wins more victories than the general of a conquering army. 'She directs conversation from the track where it will probably sheer off into contention;' she keeps back the word that would disturb self-complacency and heals wounded vanity by skillful flattery. She smooths over the awkwardest blunders with ready wit, and soothes the sensitive blunderer by failing to discover who made the mistake. She shuts her eyes on whatever is not meant to be seen, and her ears to whatever is not intended to be heard; and draws out the very best points of every man or woman who comes within her sphere. Beside the ruby, and adding to its lustre, should throb the opal of quick sympathy."

Just here Alma's toes themselves began to throb. How temptingly the lush green grasses swayed and swung outside that narrow door! Oh, if she could plunge her hot feet into their cooling depths! How dark the shadows were under the apple-boughs, with twinkling sunbeams playing chase up and down their brown boles, or lying lazily full-length on the orchard sod. The soft, soft wind stole coolly in, bringing a bird-note, the rattling of a wagon over the bridge, or a subdued clatter of neighboring fowls. The very next thing, and Alma would have been asleep. Horrible! What a start she gave!

"The burning carbuncle of self-abnegation." That was the jewel which Mr. Taylor had reached. How Alma did wish that she knew what other he had fixed in the crown, while her soul had been concentrated on her bunions, and her mind wandering under the apple-trees.

Mr. Taylor quoted:

"Early let woman learn to serve, for that is her calling; For, by serving alone she attains to ruling,

To the well-deserved power that is hers in the household.

The sister serves her brothers while young, and serves her parents,

And all her life is still a continual coming and going,  
A carrying ever, and bringing, a making and shaping for others.

Well for her if she learns to think no road a foul one,  
To make the hours of the night the same as the hours of the day;

To think no labor too trifling, and never too fine the needle—

To forget herself altogether, and live in others alone.'

"On opposing sides we will place the sapphire of order and the turquoise of contentment, both blue, for blue is heaven's own color, and both are most heavenly traits. Order, we are taught, is Heaven's first law, and John Bunyan describes completely the bottomless pit in this pithy sentence:

"'It is every whit dreadful, being utterly without order.'"

That set Alma again thinking of the dreadful bunions which she feared would stop her pilgrim's progress, if something was not done to nip them in their first flush; and it was with a violent effort that she again returned to Mr. Taylor, and the beautiful crown he was preparing for her most unworthy brow.

"If two angels came down from Heaven to execute a Divine command, and one was appointed to conduct an empire and the other to sweep a street in it, they would feel no inclination to change employments.' For, an angelic mind is perfect contentment. It may not seem noble to you to peel potatoes, knead bread, wash dishes and do other necessary household work, yet there is nothing that gives so great an amount of happiness to the world, taking it all through, as well-cooked food and a well-conducted household. Man can live without books, without music or specimens of art, without house or clothing even, but not without food. It is his prime necessity. Men cannot be healthful, scarcely virtuous, without proper food. Believe me, dear girls, there is no one thing that you can do to give so much pleasure to your families as to make good cooks."

It was of no use. Alma could not keep her attention on the speaker. The hard study of her seminary years—especially the last one—calling into fullest exertion every nerve of body and brain, in the mighty effort to fit her for graduation, and the strain of the past weeks when preparing her valedictory, had told on her slender frame. Wearied brain and excited nerves make clamorous demands. She would not sleep and she could not listen, and she was all one great pain, from the nape of her drooping neck to the crowded nails of her big toes.

Besides, the sermon was not to her liking. Although the beauty of the pictured crown struck her æsthetic fancy, the qualities of the stones were commonplace—the life they ordered was workaday. Had she preached the sermon she would have built a castle, not a crown. The stones should have been as heavy as a man could lift, quarried from flinty rocks and unyielding granite. Its broad foundation should be

aspiration, and its tower glory, piercing the clouds, the wonder and admiration of all mankind.

Alma's valedictory was entitled "Yearnings." The German professor had said that "a divine discontent breathed in every word." The music-teacher had said that "ambition marked every letter;" and now Mr. Taylor was saying:

"I charge you, dear girls, fling away ambition.

By that sin fell angels, how can man then,

The image of his Maker, hope to gain

By it?"

How could Alma but weary at his sermon?

She heard not a word of the final peroration. A slight stir told her that the service was over, that she was at liberty to seek her room, pull off her little gaiters, and soak her aching feet in alum-water, and the benediction fell upon her like a reprieve from the stocks. Poor Alma! would she work in the quarries in such tight boots, and build her tower of glory with the prettiest side of her hat turned toward the young men?

## CHAPTER II.

"Fine feelings without good sense, are like the extreme feathers of a peacock's tail dragged in the dirt."

WILLIAM NEALE was a farmer in the Connecticut valley. His farm, though small, was well-tilled, and yielded him an ample income. The luxuries which every farmer does or can possess are very rarely appreciated—a large house, all his own, with good-sized, airy rooms and convenient closets, a house which, even if it could be found in any city, would command enormous rent; the coolest and purest of water; such salubrious air and charming landscape views as city dwellers pay for by the day throughout the summer season; golden butter of one's own make; rich milk from one's own cows; sweet peas and green corn plucked from the stalk and carried to pot with the fragrance of the fields still upon them; a horse or two always at hand; and such fruits and vegetables as are never found in city markets. A farmer may not have so much money passing through his hands as the merchant, but he has, in his natural surroundings, nearly everything that the merchant earns his money for and spends it upon.

Again, farmers' wives and daughters have an advantage over their metropolitan sisters, in the fact that clothing does not soil and wear out in the country as it does in the city. In the country, a dress can, with care, be kept for a score of years, remodeled with every fashion, and the very last year of its wear it will look fresh and bright; while one day's sweeping of city streets and rubbing against city barrels gives a dress a soiled, dusty, shabby look, disheartening to one without a plentiful wardrobe.

A large house, which had once been buff, but from which forty years of storm and sun had taken nearly every vestige of paint; square and plain, with faded green blinds, its only grace a rough veranda with



knotty cedar posts running all along the west side of the T; a grassy yard, with three great elm-trees and a yellow willow, sloping from its southern front down to the public road, far enough away to give no annoyance from dust or noise; a smoothly-worn lane turning up from the highway past the west end of the house to the barns beyond, having on its other side the flower and kitchen gardens; east of the house, apple, pear and peach orchards, and a cider-mill; around about, thirty acres of meadow, pasture, tillage and woodlands, the property of William Neale. Such was Alma's home.

In the house, mother and Josie swept, washed, cooked and sewed for father, William, Jr., a hired man and three children, who ran half a mile to school through the dewy mornings, and rushed in, wild and hungry and out-of-sorts, at half-past four every afternoon.

This was the home to which Alma returned after three years of boarding-school life, all on fire with excitement and wild projects, vain imaginings and vague longings after fame.

Alma organized a literary society the first thing. She was elected president, and it began with a grand rush of recitations, readings and dialogues, interspersed with music. She also joined the sewing-circle and the choir. She would elevate her native town to begin with, before starting out to elevate the world; and she began well.

Her towns-people were appreciative and admiring; she found a good deal of native talent, to which she gave discriminating praise. But Alma also gave censure, and that sometimes with no sparing hand; she was naturally sarcastic, and her sharp tongue hurt many a sensitive spirit, and served to suppress the very genius she was endeavoring to call out. She was also young, and arrogated too much to herself.

The "Almathean" was by no means the first literary society which had ever existed in Smollet; all its older members had been leading spirits in previous ones, and their ideas concerning its organization and regulations were worthy of consideration, even by the most brilliant member of Pryorville Seminary Boadician Club. But Alma did not consider any one when her opinions were questioned, and she provoked jealousy. So some of the best talent withdrew from her society. "All the better," said Alma. "Now I can have things my own way."

But now came harvest-time; the horses were in use all the time, and could not take the girls down to the village, which was a mile and a half away. Josie was too tired with her hard day's labor to walk, and, besides, generally had work to do in the evenings. But Alma would attend the meetings, anyway. Willie went with her, but had another girl to go home with, and left his sister to find an escort or return alone. Alma could not reasonably deny her brother the privilege of seeing home the girl whom he had been waiting on for six months before her return, and she was not in the least afraid to walk alone. Indeed, she preferred her own company to

that of the village beaux, whom Alma could not but confess belonged to an inferior order of animals.

The three miles' walk added to daily tasks (for she must needs in some degree share the household labors), and the work of preparing recitations and plays for the Almathean, attending rehearsals, and infusing new life into delinquents, taxed her slender frame beyond its power of endurance. She was obliged to remain away from the society for a month. In her absence, the meetings were dull, the attendance fell off, and she found it difficult to start again with the old enthusiasm. Alma had neither patience nor prudence, and lacked that experience which gives both; it seemed to her that she lived in a town of dullards, whom it was beyond the power of mortal to elevate. She offended Willie's girl by a really undeserved rebuke, and she withdrew. Alma felt relieved, for Abbie was a most uninteresting girl, who dressed abominably. But Willie followed her disaffection, leaving Alma without an escort, and their mother would not let her walk alone, so she could only attend the meetings on such evenings as a horse was not too tired to drive over, and Josie could go to take care of it.

Autumn work progressed; drying apples, pickling, preserving, canning fruit, making sausages and mincemeat, preparing the winter wardrobe and doing the fall cleaning quite used up Josie; she was obliged to take her name from the roll of the Almathean, or spend all her pin-money in paying fines for non-attendance. Alma could not take care of the horse, Johnny was too young to join the society, and there was nowhere for him to spend his evenings while waiting for Alma, if he drove her over. Though that affectionate sister, willing to sacrifice even her own family to elevate the world, would have left Johnny to loaf in the post-office, had his parents not objected.

Alma again became dependent on Willie, and when that young man was in a conciliatory mood, and had the time to spare, he would take his sister to the village and go on to spend the evening with his girl.

This desultory method of getting the president to its meetings was unfavorable to the progress of the society, especially as the vice-president was incompetent. So Alma resigned, after four months' service. Another president was elected, with whose views Alma could not agree, so she kept away from the society, which, lacking its moving spirit, after a few months more of precarious existence, died.

Mrs. Neale and her daughters still kept their connection with the sewing-circle; for, when they could not get away from home the circle met at their house. All the ladies liked to go to William Neale's, for there they found a hearty, old-fashioned hospitality, which made every one at home. Neither Mrs. Neale nor Josie ever thought of "laying themselves out" to entertain. They liked to have a good time, and hoped that everybody who came would have a good time, too, and each in her own way.

I think this is the cream of good entertainment, to feel that you make no difference whatever to the

family; that they go on with their work or pleasure as if you were not there; that you are free to join them or not, to talk or keep silent, to sleep, to dance, to sing, to read, to play upon the open piano, to talk with the canary, to walk in the garden, to swing in the barn, eat the fruit that lies under the trees—to be, in fact, perfectly at home. Every one was perfectly at home at Mrs. Neale's, and everybody had a good time.

The sewing-circle brought its own eatables; Mrs. Neale sat them on the table with fruit and flowers of her own growing, and never wore herself out preparing show-cakes and pies, which would not be eaten. In the evening the ladies' husbands came, and they danced old-fashioned dances and played old-fashioned games in the great kitchen, as they had done in their courting-days. Of course, everybody enjoyed it. Everybody but Alma.

Most of the wealthiest families in Smollet belonged to their church. The only lawyer, the principal storekeeper, the oldest physician, the Unitarian minister, two or three successful tobacco growers, Col. Dyer—their perpetual representative to the general court—and a petroleum millionaire. All of these men had more money than Mr. Neale, if not so many luxuries, and lived in fine houses; especially the last, who occupied a perfectly charming, ornate cottage, built within the year, and possessed of all the modern improvements—even to cockroaches, which had some way got in with the steam-pipes, and were an utter novelty in Smollet.

Now, when these grandees came up to Mr. Neale's and rapped with their knuckles on the front-door—which was guiltless of knocker or bell—ate out of blue plates, with three-tined forks, sat in old-fashioned hair-cloth chairs, looked out of little seven-by-nine window panes, it mortified Alma almost to death.

Why, there was not a door-knob in the whole house, and the front-step was a rough, unhewn stone, with never the sign of a path leading up to it; for, it was part of the freedom of the place that every one sauntered at his own will up the grassy slope, under the elms and yellow willow-tree, to the green-painted door.

Alma made herself so thoroughly miserable over the old-fashioned and shabby look of her home, that her mother one day brought out from a drawer a handful of greenbacks, the receipts from milk, eggs and butter, which she and Josie had been saving to buy a sewing-machine.

"I shall be glad to have the old place fixed up, Alma," said she. "We would have done it before, but you know we have had no money to spare during the past three years. Now, that you are at home, however, we shall have a little more to do with. But, Alma, you must make this go as far as you can, for your father cannot let you have any until fall, and then it will not be much."

Alma felt a sudden flush of indignation. Her life had hitherto been filled with so much of pleasure, surrounded with so many comforts, that the question of money had never presented itself to her mind. Her father had always seemed to have enough, and the

knowledge that her parents, and Josie, and Willie were obliged to save up for a given object was repulsive to her.

She took the money from her mother and began counting it, without even saying thank you. There were sixty-three dollars. Quite enough, thought Alma, who knew very little of carpenter's bills.

"In the first place," said she, "we must have silver forks and napkin-rings." So, a dozen silver-plated forks were procured and a set of Scotch-wood napkin-rings.

"In the next place, we must have French windows." A dozen French windows for the front of the house were ordered. But they would not fit the old frames. New frames had to be made, that necessitated carpenter work without and mason work within, which, in turn, induced painting the outside of the house and the wood-work of the front rooms, papering these anew, and—that was the end of the sixty-three dollars.

But, "In the third place, I must have a new bonnet," said Alma. And her father thought it a pity if he could not do so much as that for his favorite daughter.

Then there was a demand for kid gloves, and one thing or another, all summer long. Real necessities Alma declared them to be, yet Josie got on very well without them, and no one could accuse Josie of being ill-dressed.

In the fall, Alma renewed her demands. "Josie and I each need a new dress; and we must have a new parlor carpet, and coal-stove, too, if we are going to appear in any way respectable. The sewing-circle meets here the first Wednesday in December, and I shall die if we have to eat out of those old blue plates."

So her father gave her fifty dollars. "There, Almy," said he, "I give you that money to do just as you please with. You can fix up the house with it, or buy new winter clothes for mother and the children."

To buy new winter clothes for mother and the children had never entered into Alma's head, and she felt a keen dismay as she looked at the small sum in her hand and remembered how the larger sum had melted away before.

Mother came to help. "Take ten dollars for the dresses for you and Josie," she said. "You can get very good alpaca for forty cents in Springfield, and we will trim it with ruffles of the same. Twenty dollars for a carpet. Get a three-ply, of small pattern in fast colors. If you can't get a three-ply for that sum, get a good two ply; that will leave twenty dollars. About the crockery; you can find bargains in plain white French ware at four or five dollars for a set of four dozen pieces. Pick out every piece yourself, to see that they are not cracked or nicked, and then take care that the ones you have bought are the ones that are packed up to send home. Then you must get two sets of under-flannels for father, and one for Josie; yours will last another winter, I see. That will be five dollars. Get a new overcoat for Johnny,

and two pairs of yarn socks for him. You will certainly have enough for all these, even if you have to give more for the dress goods than I have calculated on. I have set the price for the carpet rather high."

But Alma did not have enough for all these. The first thing that caught her eye as she got off the cars at Springfield was a black alpaca suit trimmed with lace and brightened by a Roman sash and neck ribbon. It was the first "suit" she had ever seen, and the effect was dazzling. Just such as that she must have, even if father did go without his flannels and Johnny wear his old coat another season.

"Twenty yards," said the dressmaker whom she consulted, "were required for a suit." Forty yards for two suits. So sixteen dollars was spent for the alpaca instead of ten; seven dollars and a half for lace for one suit only, four dollars and a half for Roman ribbons. The dressmaker—a Smollet girl, who did a small business on a back street—cut and basted Alma's polonaise; one dollar more. That took nineteen dollars, which the mother had not calculated upon, right out of Alma's small fund, leaving scarce enough for a cheap carpet and a small tea-set, which, if she had not got at a bargain, she could not have got at all. But the money was her own to spend as she chose, and not one word of reproach was uttered to detract from the pleasure she anticipated in her new suit.

The sewing-circle met at Mrs. Neale's on the first Wednesday in December. The parlor had been wonderfully freshened by its new carpet, wall-paper and paint. Alma had bordered the coarse muslin curtains with bright autumn leaves, and ornamented pictures and mantel-glass with the same. Josie had polished the mahogany furniture till it looked like glass, and covered the hair-cloth cushions with gray linen bound with scarlet, to match the gray and scarlet carpet.

Alma was delighted with the effect; and whenever she was in high spirits some great plan of social improvement took possession of her. The one she was now revolving in her pretty head, and which she unfolded to the assembled magnates of Smollet, was to forego the usual Christmas-tree, and use the money instead for amelioration of the poor within town limits, irrespective of denominational prejudices.

The idea was a good one, and deserved consideration, but no one would listen to it. Not one would give up the Christmas-tree.

Very well, there were ladies present who could, out of their own private purses, make a Christmas for the poor, and not take any from the Sunday-school fund reserved for the tree. But the wealthy ladies all thought they should spend whatever they could afford in handsome articles for the tree. Beside, every society should look out for its own poor, and unfortunately most of the poor were in other societies—small societies, which had all they could do to support the minister, without taxing themselves with the paupers in their midst.

Alma fired up. "You don't hesitate to call the rich folks in other churches your brothers and sisters,

but I suppose the poor folks are not; at least I hope you would not let your brothers and sisters starve."

The minister's wife began hesitatingly: "Suppose that you pass around a subscription-paper, and see how much money you can procure for charity's sake, without any specified object. Then we can tell, from the amount subscribed, how much we can do. What will you put down to head the list?"

"Five dollars," exclaimed Alma.

Mrs. Neale went quickly over and whispered: "Your father cannot afford more than one dollar, possibly."

The minister's wife said she would ask her husband about it, the other ladies said the same, and so the matter dropped.

Josie called them to tea. "Good heavens! what a shock went through Alma's brain as she saw the blue plates on the table.

"Why did you not put on the white dishes?" she said to Josie in a fierce whisper.

"They would not go half round," replied Josie.

Alma went up to her room, cried herself into a headache, and refused to join the games and dances that evening.

"Blue plates and silver forks!" She could never hold up her head again.

### CHAPTER III.

"Better sit still where born, I say. \* \* \*

Laugh with your neighbors, live in their way,  
Be it never so simple."

HAVING failed in one Christmas project, Alma began on another. Pryorville Seminary was under Episcopalian patronage, and the beautiful Christmas and Easter ceremonies had won her poetic imagination.

It was useless for her to try to get up Christmas-morning services in their matter-of-fact society. But a Christmas service on the following Sunday all agreed to. Christmas Day fell on Friday. There was to be a tree that night and a ball on the evening before. On Saturday the young men and maidens promised to meet and dress the church with greens for the Sunday's service.

Now came the inspection of anthems, sentences and cantatas. Alma spent one entire day among the music stores in Springfield. Then followed rehearsals, choir-meetings, running here and running there; coaxing, pleading and scolding, to induce indifferent singers to do their work, mollify jealous ones piqued at the parts given them, and make those birds singing who could sing, but for some undiscoverable reason refused to sing. All this Alma must do. Then there was to be a concert and Scripture recitation by the children of the Sabbath-school, before calling the gifts from the tree, and Alma was asked to direct and rehearse them.

Without being very strong, Alma's voice was sweet and flexible, and the best-trained soprano in Smollet. Her father, who was fond of music, had done all that lay in his power to have her voice cultivated, and as

she had "a natural theatrical talent and fine elocutionary powers, her singing had a very pleasing effect.

In fact, Alma's life was a study of effect. Sometimes she did not attain the object aimed at, but she had none the less aimed at it. Therefore, whatever she did or said had an effect of some sort or other. In singing and speaking, when she had a long time to study the effect of words and tones, her power was very great.

Every one in the choir acknowledged her supremacy, and as, when Alma was flattered she was complaisant, her manners there were always sweet and winning. The best female voices, and therefore the most touchy ones were glad to put themselves under the teaching of a lady who had been instructed by superior masters; and gentlemen are ever ready to follow a pretty figure and flattering tongue. So Alma did better in the choir than with anything else she undertook in Smollet, and so long as she remained connected with it, awakened neither hatred nor jealousy in any of its members.

Alma and Josie took turns in going to the sewing-circle, as one had to remain at home to get supper for father and the children. But, on each of the following Wednesdays Alma had much to do at home, and Josie went to the circle both days. Alma was working for dear life on her new suit, and wishing for a sewing-machine every day, or rather night, for most of her sewing was done nights.

On the Wednesday before Christmas, when her parents and Josie returned late in the evening, and she still sat sewing, Josie burst into the room, exclaiming, triumphantly: "It is going to be done, after all! The poor folks are going to have their Christmas! We talked it over with the gentlemen that night when you went off to bed, and they said that they would think about it. Then, last sewing-circle the minister said he thought they had better go to all the rich men in town, no matter what church they belonged to, and see what they would do about it."

"Oh, mercy!" cried Alma, "what pokes!"

"Oh, it takes a good while to do anything," said Josie, cheerfully. "So, to-day, they reported that everything is arranged, and everybody who can is going to bring something, if it is only a peck of turnips."

"A peck of turnips!" fairly shrieked Alma.

Josie laughed. "Oh, you need not be afraid that there will not be enough for them all. The farmers' wives are going to bring butter, and the storekeepers coffee, tea and sugar. We have thought of fifteen families that are poor enough to be grateful for help, and we are promised a pound of butter, a bag of flour and a half cord of wood for each family. The vegetables and other things will be divided equally, after they are brought."

"Indeed! The rich folks of Smollet have done nobly!" sneered Alma. "Eight cords of wood, almost two barrels of flour and fifteen pounds of butter."

"You know this is not the season for butter-making, and it is very dear," replied Josie. "Mother has promised to send one pound."

"And what is father going to do?" asked Alma, with a curl of the lip.

"He will send five pumpkins. Wis'all Crane and Aleck Mitchell have each promised five more. So, every family will have one."

"One pumpkin, one pound of butter, one bag of cheap flour, half a cord of refuse wood, half a pound of poor tea, quarter of a pound of roasted beans, six ounces of brown sugar and one bushel of mixed vegetables. That ought to keep any family through the winter," said Alma, scornfully.

"Oh, I forgot the best part of it," continued Josie, cheerfully. "The poultry—so much has been promised, that every family will either have a goose, a turkey, or a brace of chickens or two ducks. Isn't that good? And Mr. Graham has promised a barrel of broken crackers, so that each family can make a dressing for the fowls. And there will probably be more than a bushel of potatoes apiece, and a barrel of apples, at the very least—for they are very plenty this year, and almost every farmer will bring one or the other, perhaps both."

"I should think father might have given more," remarked Alma.

"Why, you know, dear," said Josie, "that father has had to sell everything he could possibly spare this year, for there has been so much money wanted for one thing and another."

"What is Alma going to give?" asked Mrs. Neale, who until this time had been a silent listener.

"I would do a great deal if I had any money of my own," said Alma. "What I should have done would have been to give a barrel of flour and a whole cord of wood to each family, and a turkey, at least. Then, instead of parsnips, and carrots, and onions, which, I've no doubt, all raise enough of, I should have given each family a good book, a nice chromo, framed, and a pot-plant all in bloom. Poor folks like good reading and pretty things to look at, as well as the rich, and books and pictures will last long after food has disappeared and been forgotten, and will exercise a refining and elevating influence that might be a means of education to them."

"I think that is a good idea," said Josie, regretfully. "I wish it had been proposed before. Perhaps it could be done now. House-plants—I can give one of them myself. I should be glad to send that tea-rose to poor little Addie Cox, and you must have books that you can spare."

"Indeed I have not, then?" exclaimed Alma. "I would as soon part with a drop of my heart's best blood as one of my books. My books are my life. Every one is as dear to me as a child to its mother."

"I suppose every person will feel the same," said Mrs. Neale.

"Yes," asserted Alma. "And so give something that nobody could read—'Baxter's Saints' Rest,' or a bound volume of sermons."

"A bound volume of magazines would be good," said Mrs. Neale. "Or even a year that is unbound. There are the *Waverlies* that Willie took last year.



He does not care anything for them, and they are all filed away in the garret."

"The *Waverly*, mother! That's as trashy as trashy can be."

"So trashy that Willie did not wish to take it another year; yet, I think it would just suit some minds. The *Windons*, for instance."

"But, mother, what I want them to have is something instructive, something that will give them useful knowledge, make them better citizens."

"A treatise on political economy or moral science, for instance," interrupted Josie, who, I am sorry to confess, liked the despised *Waverlies*.

"It is very probable that the books you would send them would never be read, and your kindly efforts, being unappreciated, yourself would be laughed at for your pains. We are commanded not to cast our pearls before swine," said Mrs. Neale. "If the *Waverly* cannot boast of standard literature, at least there is nothing harmful nor objectionable in its columns, and there is a great deal of useful knowledge scattered through in readable tidbits."

"Well, it is too late to do anything about it now," murmured Alma.

"But you might do it for New Year's," said Josie. "Give every family a book, or volume of magazines, a house-plant all ready to bloom, and a chromo. I don't know about the pictures, though; I don't believe many would be willing to give away their pictures. I would not, for one."

"You have one that you might give without doing any harm to the household—that interesting maiden in a perfectly dry and wonderfully crisp pink tarlatan ball-dress, that a very youthful youth has just rescued from the boiling waves, and is holding on one arm, as if she were a year-old infant."

Josie grew red. "What, my beautiful premium? Why, Alma, I would not part with that for anything"

"I don't ask you to. I should be sorry to give such a senseless and characterless print to anybody."

It was as much as Josie could do to keep back the tears, for that pale youth and daintily-gaitered maiden were her hero and heroine.

But mother said: "It is time you were abed, girls. You forget the ball to-morrow night." And so sent them off, with pleasant anticipations, for night-caps.

The next day was given up to preparations for the ball, which came on Christmas Eve. The day following was one long frolic in the weather-beaten farm-house, and all attended the public tree in the evening. Alma got no more time to sew until Saturday night, when she returned utterly wearied from the church, where she had been all day arranging decorations and making mottoes. But Sunday morning saw the suit completed.

It was the first suit ever worn in Smollet, and I think it made more talk, at least among the ladies of the society, than the Christmas sermon, the beautiful decorations, or even the choral service.

Any other woman in the congregation might have worn it and attracted but little notice. But Alma

was always conspicuous. Her dress, when prepared for display, was faultless. Every hair on her head was in position, just the place to give the most beauty to her profile seen by the congregation from below, while it did not detract from her full face seen in the gallery. From the diamond of black velvet which crowned her shining hair to the smooth prunella that bound her tiny feet, there was not a fold too much nor too little. She might have served as a model for a sculptor if they ever "sculpted" people with clothes on. Alma came home walking, as it were, on air.

Monday and Tuesday she lay on her back, and was doctored for neuralgia by an anxious mother and patient sister. Wednesday she slept till noon, then arose and went to the sewing-circle.

She went to the circle for two reasons. She wanted to be praised for the ever-to-be-remembered Christmas festival she had achieved for Smollet, and she wanted to advance her New Year's project. In all the praises and congratulations that had been aimlessly bestowed upon the Christmas remembrance of the poor, Alma Neale had never once been mentioned as the prime mover, and she felt hurt at the neglect.

But she would get them up a New Year's, the memories of which would last as long as the gay pictures adorned their humble homes, and her name should be linked with every flower-breath or remembered paragraph from the gifts her thoughtful care had provided for them.

Alas for Alma's ambitious dream! Four ladies had a book apiece which they would gladly be rid of, six had bound volumes of washy magazines which they declared would be better out of the house than in. Nobody would give a single picture, for premium chromos had not flooded the land at that time as they have since. House-plants were vetoed at once. It was very cold weather, and it would be impossible to transport a pot of plants across the town without freezing.

Alma swallowed her disappointment, and judiciously led the conversation toward the Christmas entertainment. Everybody uttered laudations.

"How splendidly the children did on Christmas Eve! They spoke better selections than they ever have before," said the ladies, and emphasized better. "They are getting used to it." "How tastefully the church was trimmed," continued the ladies. "And what a lovely service Mr. Smoothly gave us. He says he will have something of the same sort at New Year's."

Mr. Smoothly, indeed! It was Alma who had coaxed and persuaded until she had got his reluctant consent to have a like service on the first Sunday of the year. It was Alma, and no one else, who had worked herself well-nigh sick to obtain the grand result over which they crowed so loudly. Alma had chosen the Scripture selections—Alma had taught the children to speak them. A year after Alma got her due—when there was no Alma to plan and perfect.

The new president of the Almathean rustled up.

"Why don't you come to the meetings now? You

do not know how we miss you. You have not been near for a month," she said.

"I have been so busy, Clotilda," replied Alma, "I have not had time."

"Why, what do you do, pray, that takes up so much of your time? I don't see, I'm sure. You don't do so much housework as most of the girls, I know."

Housework! No. She had a mind above housework, thank Heaven! But headwork was real labor; just as tiresome and as ceaseless. She had worked harder than any hired man in town, and accomplished results which no one else could, yet she was asked what she had done. Truly, the ingratitude of the Athenians is surpassed in Smollet, thought Alma.

Poor Alma! she did not know that Smollet was the world in miniature; and for these Dead Sea apples she was willing to exchange all the pleasant fruits of home.

Libby Dillway, the poorest singer and stupidest girl in the choir, a girl who possessed neither time nor tune, and had positively no voice, but had got into the choir on unlimited screech, and stayed because being as "good-natured as a fool," she would not take an insult—and could not take a hint. Libby Dillway, who had been a drag upon the whole entertainment, and at one time, by her silliness, nearly quashed it, sat beside Alma when Col. Dyer entered the room. He walked up to them, patted Libby's shoulder, and said: "You did well, girls, last Sunday, splendidly. I'm proud to belong to a society which possesses so much talent. Eh!" pinched her cheek and walked away with a polite bow to Alma.

"And such is glory! Yes, and still  
Will man the tempter follow;  
Nor learn that glory, like its drum,  
Is but a sound, and hollow,"

quoted Alma, to herself.

When Mrs. Neale and her daughter reached home, Josie was sewing on her black alpaca.

"I wish," said Mrs. Neale, "that you would help Josie on her dress, to-morrow. I fear she will not get it done for Mrs. Altringham's dinner-party."

Mrs. Altringham, the wife of the oil millionaire, had invited a dinner-party for New Year's Day, an attempt to introduce city fashions in that riverside village.

Alma looked disconcerted. "To-morrow," she exclaimed, "I shall have to sleep all day, or I sha'n't be fit for the ball. I am tired to death, now."

"I cannot get it done, anyway, mother," said Josie, "for I shall not have time to sew any more on it. I have got to do something with my white tarlatan; the edge was torn off Christmas Eve, and I have not looked at it since."

"You can put on that flounce with satin-ribbon trimming up in the hair-cloth trunk. 'Twill be very little work," said mamma.

"Why, mother!" said Alma, "that is trimmed with pink. She will have to have pink ribbon on her sleeves and waist."

"There is all that satin quilling you had on your bonnets four or five years ago. It has never been used since, and is as good as new now."

"And it will look just beautiful," said Josie, brightly, "and make a new dress of my old tarlatan. I am glad I tore it, now."

The exigencies of country-life do not require a large wardrobe. Alma's graduating muslin had served for the Christmas ball, and would for this on New Year's Eve; and Josie's tarlatan had, with various modifications, honored all the dress-balls of the two last seasons.

"Oh, how hateful it is to be poor!" exclaimed Alma, "and have to wear the same dress forever."

"There is my green silk pelisse," said Mrs. Neale; "there must be material in it sufficient to make an overskirt for each of you, to wear with your white muslins, and make new party dresses."

"The idea!" said Alma. "Imagine me in olive-green. I should be a fright. It would become Josie; those neutral, undecided tints set off her rosy cheeks; but my dark skin needs vivid colors."

"I think it would become you very well with cherry ribbons and your coral set," remarked Josie, gravely. "And I should be delighted. But can you spare the pelisse, mother?"

"Yes, indeed; it has not been worn for two years, and cannot be again without making over."

"Shall I have it made with a girdle or bretelles?" asked Alma, appropriating the overdress at once, in spite of her disapprobation of its color.

The mother was busy sewing rose-pleating on the alpaca polonaise, but Alma made no offer of her services. She lolled idly in a rocking-chair, discussing the olive-green silk, while Josie and her mother sewed.

They sat thus till the clock struck twelve, then Josie arose with a sigh, gathered up the unfinished work, and said: "You see it is of no use, mother. I cannot get it done."

So Josie went to Mrs. Altringham's dinner-party in the maroon thibet, which had been her best ever since she put on long skirts—and very pretty she was in it, indeed. Of the two sisters, Josie certainly possessed the most natural beauty; she was always pretty, whatever she had on. There are some people who adorn their clothes, and others who are adorned by them. Alma was one of the latter. She was not handsome at all in ordinary attire, but when "dressed up," she was magnificent, and consciousness of her beauty rendered her conversation wonderfully brilliant.

Alma was, indeed, the cynosure of all eyes at the New Year's dinner. Never had her fine intellect appeared to better advantage than in contrast with the millionaire's vacuous daughters. Her society manners, too, were far superior to those of the village maidens, for all her vacations had been spent with schoolmates, often in distant States, where she had been in refined and educated company. Every one was filled with admiration for Alma Neale, and this small social triumph—low and unimportant as it was, compared with the fame she hoped to achieve in

future years—soothed her wounded feelings. Had Alma been told that this was the greatest triumph she was ever to meet with in her whole life, she could not have comprehended it.

But no such ill-prophecy came to disturb her dreams of glory that night. She was complaisant and agreeable to every one through the next two days, the Saturday's choir meeting and the Sunday's choral service. On the Monday which followed the New Year's Sabbath, Alma was taken down with typhoid fever.

(To be continued.)

#### "WHO SHALL ROLL US AWAY THE STONE?"

**T**HUS they questioned, as they hastened,  
E'en before the break of day,  
To the princely-honored garden,  
Where their Lord was laid away;

Bringing with them precious spices  
To anoint their buried Lord,  
Knowing not that He had risen,  
In fulfillment of His word.

And they questioned with each other,  
Faces bowed with sorrowing care,  
Little thinking God's sweet angel,  
While they slumbered, had been there.

And, like them, I, too, am troubled  
As I tread my way alone,  
While my faithless heart is wondering,  
Who will roll away the stone?

Stones are lying in the pathway  
Duty tells me I must tread—  
Hope and love together buried  
With a stone at foot and head.

Faithless even while remembering  
Love has carpeted with moss  
Stones that bruised feet are pressing,  
Bearing tenderly the cross.

And there cometh a glad morning,  
When all stones shall roll away,  
And the spirit rise triumphant  
Into God's eternal day.

ALICE HAMILTON.

#### SPEAKING OF TREES.

**T**HERE have been many since Solomon to "speak of trees," and that, too, in a manner much more exhaustive than he. Possibly, had the royal savant lived in times like the present, he would have given to the world an "Ecce Arbores;" but in his age it was scarcely necessary more than to allude to their outward and familiar aspects for purposes of illustration. To the imaginative mind, plant-life exhibits so many moral traits that it is strange if the poet king, in his thousands of songs and proverbs, did not constantly point men to the "beautiful order" of these particular works of God, and counsel them to conform thereto the "order of their lives." Poetry has always revelled in the richness and variety of suggestion afforded by them; and art, not less than poetry, has been fain to "speak of trees." Landseer, among painters, has, it is said, produced upon the canvas another forest hymn. Of Lorraine's trees it was remarked by one, that he always saw their leaves astir, and perceived the forest's odors from their barks and mosses. Music has given to the world of sound, wood, orchard and grove, rustling and waving of a quiet summer hour, as well as the loftier tones, heard when "the voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon." Nor can we do less than believe that architecture owes its first suggestions of nobler forms and orders of building to the mighty Dorics and Ionics of the Great Designer, upon which the same hand so mysteriously spreads the "verdant roof." Add to the trees of art and of song those made sacred or memorable by tradition, history and individual association, and we have, doubtless, sufficient to clothe the continent with its primeval forest. But leaving the realm of poetry, myth and sentiment, and entering that of the purely mathematical, we find enough concerning the arborescent growths of the vegetable kingdom to satisfy the most æsthetic nature, as well as that of the severest utilist.

There is a fitness in regarding the "ball palm" as king of all the trees. Not on account of age, dimension, nor yet comeliness, but for that best of all royal qualities, usefulness. The elegant simplicity of its form and appearance need not be described, nor its great variety of adaptations enumerated. Science has demonstrated to us long ago that, in the economy of nature, there is no such thing as waste, that all things have their ultimate mission. Of the palm-tree, however, there is not from its fruit to its root a single atom which is *seemingly* lost. Each part is in an almost perfect state of preparation for immediate use. An illustration of this wonderful feature of its nature may be given from that genus known as the sago-palm, of which there are many species. The pith of this tree furnishes the native with a fine bread stuff, ground and bolted, requiring only the simple process of washing and straining. "Thus," says one, "a man goes into the woods and hews his bread as we hew our firewood." The cocoa-nut, fan and date-palm are capable, within themselves, of supplying every simple want of man. It is not strange that

**MUSIC IN LIFE.**—If one note in the organ be out of key or harsh of tone, it mars the whole tune. All the other reeds may be in harmony, but the one defective reed destroys the sweetness of all the rest. In every tune this reed makes discord somewhere. Its noise jars out into every note. And so one sin destroys the harmony of a whole life. A boy or girl may be obedient, filial, industrious and honest; but ill-temper is a jarring reed that touches every grace with chill and discord. Let every affection and every thought, and every word and every action, be right; then there is music in the life.

Mohammed should have taught that the date-palm of his country "was made from the same earth from which God created Adam," or that the Arab, in his untutored thought, should invest it with a sort of humanity. How natural, too, that in the languages of the East it should figure so largely as the symbol of all conceivable earthly good. And this life-tree of the tropical pagan, sculptured upon the ruined temples of Egypt and of Asia, doubtless was the embodiment of some dim idea in the heathen mind of an existence higher and more enduring than that of the present state. In former geological ages the palms were widely distributed over the temperate zones. In the coal-fields of our own country fossil trees of great size, isolated and in groups, have been discovered, associated with extinct species of plants, but evidently of tropical character. Thus, in past periods of time, this noble tree has been living for the future, as it now lives for the present comfort of the race.

The banana, plantain and bread-fruit trees, also indigenous to hot climates, are of great practical value. The fruits of these possess highly concentrated nutritive properties, of a farinaceous character, causing their taste to resemble food prepared from our cereals, already buttered and sweetened. Humboldt estimated that within a given area of the best grain soil the banana would yield one hundred and thirty times as much nutritive substance as wheat.

The trees of the tropics are likewise most desirable in the constructive arts. Their woods are of great strength and durability, like the bignonia; of great beauty, and almost metallic solidity and brilliancy, like the ebony, or of remarkably pliability, like the calamus. Here are aromatic trees, yielding spices and perfumes from their roots, wood, bark, buds or seeds. Here are trees whose gums and juices are universally prized; and, last of all which we can notice, is the beautiful cork oak, whose entire energy seems concentrated in its cellular bark, which may be peeled without injury from its trunk, and made ready for commerce with but little labor. And, so it is that the trees of the hot zones represent the wealth of their inhabitants. And within such circumscribed limits does the Creator supply all their needs, that one cannot help thinking that in this aspect these countries best represent to us that of man's first estate, where, as George Herbert has beautifully said, the kind Father provided should

"Contract into a span  
The world's riches, which dispersed lie."

To the hot regions of the globe we must still further turn for those trees having features and habits not simply curious, but anomalous. Among these are the talipot, a species of palm, sometimes called the cannon-tree. It grows in the very heart of the forests, towering above its loftiest trees. Its flower buds, of immense size, expand from a sort of sheath, instantaneously, with a loud report, like that of fire-arms. The pashinba, a palm of Brazil, when quite young, sends out of its base numerous shoots, which turn downward and penetrate the ground. Yearly

such shoots are produced just above. The older ones, which, dying, and also the trunk of the tree below—causes it in time to appear as if supported, seven or eight feet above the earth, upon stakes driven, in a circle, and meeting at a common point. The banyan-tree of India is a genus complete in a single species, and whose system of reproduction, so well-known, cannot be more beautifully described than in those two lines of Milton:

"The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow  
About the mother tree."

In those climates which are both hot and moist, it is astonishing to see what variety of forms the trunks and branches of trees sometimes assume. And this fact has led to a branch of art, connected with gardening, wholly impossible in other countries. "I have seen," says a traveler, "in the garden of a rich Chinaman, exact resemblances of lions, panting dogs, horses and carts, deer with spreading antlers, slim storks and strutting peacocks, pitchers and urns, in short, the trees were 'inclined' to almost anything according as in their rapidly-growing condition they were 'bent.'"

"The beauty of a tropical forest," says another writer, "is not conceivable—nor can it be painted, sung or told. Beside it all, the varied charms of Northern vegetation condensed into one field would fatigue us with its monotony." Right gladly would we lift up our feeble protest against the latter sweeping assertion, and with native pride, hold up those surpassing forms and phases of beauty and sublimity unknown to the evergreen forests of the summer-world; and, also, present some of those dark and rugged features of our grand old woodlands, which lightness and delicacy stands out more beautiful for the homeliness of its surroundings. No leafless trees of winter have the forests of the South, penciled so deftly against the blue sky, or shadowed upon the pearl-white snows of earth, or muffled in ermine, "fit for an earl," or silvered over by Nature's own metallurgic process. Nor are they ever clothed, like their own beautiful birds, in rainbow hues—like the autumn woods and trees of higher latitudes. We cannot say whether here or there is the greatest concentration of the beautiful, but we know that with the changing seasons we are presented with the most impressively contrasted scenes of any region of the globe. There is no continuity in our forests. Now they are splendid and gay as some magnificent play-house, and now transformed into

"Fit shrines for humble worshipers, to hold  
Communion with their Maker."

HARRIETTE WOOD.

A CHILD's digestion is more delicate than that of a grown-up person; therefore, children like vegetable fat-formers—such as sugar and treacle—better than animal fat; and they are better for them, unless sweets disagree with them. Sugar also helps to dissolve the ashes that make bone, and purifies the blood.



## BY THE RULE OF CONTRARY.

"**M**UST go to London to-morrow morning, Warrington! What do you mean? Why, we have settled to shoot over Deffern Wood to-morrow! The pheasants are running about like bees, and I have got a first-rate party together; and here you go and declare off at the last minute. What is the matter?"

"Some important business. I am very sorry, Graham, but I have no alternative—I must go."

"Must go! Important business! Why, hang it, man, there is not a single court of law sitting, so it cannot be any of your precious legal business—and I know you have got a single relative in the world to summon you off at a moment's notice."

John Warrington thoughtfully knocked the ash off his cigar into the little Japanese tray before answering, while a rather grim smile stole over his face.

"But I do happen to have a relative in the world, Graham; and it is to see her that I must go up to London," he said.

"I might have guessed there was a woman at the bottom of it," retorted Mr. Graham, crossly. "She might have remembered the pheasants, at least. Well, what does she want with you?"

John Warrington paused again, apparently in moody contemplation of the smoke-wreaths curling from his Havana.

"Did you ever happen to hear of my grandfather's will, Graham?" he asked at last.

"Yes, of course I have. He left you all his property, didn't he? Only you could not take possession of it till you were thirty, or something of that kind."

"Briefly stated, that is the substance of it. But there is a condition appended to it, and, as I have not the slightest intention of fulfilling that condition, I suppose I shall have to forfeit the property. Luckily, I have my profession to fall back upon, or I might have had to trouble the poor-rates;" and a grim smile stole over Mr. John Warrington's face at the idea.

Charlie Graham opened his round blue eyes full on his friend.

"Why, you don't mean to tell me you are going to be such an idiot as to give up two or three thousand a year, Warrington? What in the name of fortune is the condition?"

"That I should marry my Cousin Gertrude Warrington," replied John Warrington, much in the same tone he would have used if he had said, "That I should swallow a dose of prussic acid."

"Well," asked young Graham, curiously, "why cannot you? Is there any objection to the young lady?"

"Not that I know of. I have never seen her since she was a child of five years old," said Mr. Warrington, gruffly. "I believe she is very pretty, and has a large fortune, but—"

"Why in the name of all that's blissful cannot you marry her, then?"

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"Because it would be the most unblushing bargain of a marriage that was ever made, and I will have nothing to do with it, fortune or no fortune. You see, Graham," he went on to explain, "there never were two such absurd wills made before. My grandfather and Gertrude's grandfather were brothers, and in their old age they lived together. Their children had all died, and there was no one belonging to them but Gertrude and me. So the two old gentlemen—they must have been as romantic as they were eccentric—formed a plan for joining their property together by marrying us to each other; they made their wills at exactly the same date, and tied them up with exactly the same conditions. And, to put it shortly, it amounts to this: If I marry Gertrude within this next year, I come into possession of my grandfather's property; if I refuse to do so, the whole property, without reservation, goes to her. In like manner, if she refuses to marry me, her grandfather's property—and it is much larger than mine—is forfeited in my favor, and I receive it as well as my own. To make matters more awkward still, it was stipulated that we were to be brought up apart, and never meet till Gertrude was twenty-one and I thirty. She lives near Carlisle with two old maiden aunts; I don't even know their names. She was twenty-one on the first of September, and I thirty on the tenth, and—"

"Well?" questioned Charlie, seeing John Warrington had paused again.

"Well, I have not made any attempt to fulfill the terms of the precious documents," went on John, sarcastically; "so the trustees have come down upon me. They insist that I shall meet Gertrude in London, and take some steps toward an arrangement of some kind. In fact, they expect me to propose to her; and I had a note this morning informing me that she was going to Sir John Harcourt's—the acting trustee—this week, and that I must meet her there. I am sorry about the pheasants, Graham, but it cannot be helped."

The two men smoked on for a minute or two in silence, and then young Graham began again.

"It does seem a pity, Warrington; but of course a fellow cannot have a girl thrown at his head in that way. But do you mean to say you have to see the young lady, and tell her face to face you will not marry her?"

"Exactly," said Mr. Warrington, dryly.

"And, when that agreeable little episode is over, you will have lost your fortune, and she will get it."

"Every penny of it," was the emphatic reply.

"Well, old fellow, all I can say is, I don't envy you."

Almost at the same hour that Mr. Warrington, in his friend's sanctum in the wilds of Scotland, was discussing the conditions and terms of the two eccentric wills, Miss Gertrude Warrington, in the drawing room at Rookwood, was laying down the law on her side.

She had taken her seat on a low footstool on one

side of the fireplace, and from that post of advantage was declaring herself pretty strongly on the subject of the two wills and Mr. John Warrington to the Misses Hornby, her aunts and appointed guardians.

"And I shall consider him the most mercenary of men if he does ask me to marry him," she concluded, flourishing a feather hand-screen up and down by way of emphasis. "And, as for his money, he ought to be too proud and honorable to descend to such a mean expedient to save it."

"But how can he help himself?" began Miss Jane Hornby, a shrewd, pretty old lady in black satin and close white cap. "So far as I can see, he is bound to come forward; and I really do not see, Gertrude, why you should not like him—of course, after due acquaintance."

"No length of acquaintance could hide such a mere money-bargain," said Gertrude, with a scornful toss of her bright brown head.

"My dear child, I suppose your sentiments are very high-minded, and do you honor," continued Miss Jane, with rather a dubious air; "but you know as well as I do that your whole fortune is at stake. Do bear in mind what is before you, and do not throw away a brilliant future in a freak of girlish folly."

Gertrude tapped her foot impatiently on the hearth-rug, and curled down the corners of her pretty red lips in high disdain.

"Remember, Gertie," said Miss Hornby, taking up the thread of the discourse in her turn, "that if you persist in refusing to carry out the conditions of your grandfather's will, you will be left almost penniless at our death. We have nothing to leave you, and, though our home will always be yours while we live, you might be thrown on the world without a moment's warning, and—"

"O auntie, don't say such dreadful things!" interrupted Gertrude, taking the old lady's hand and pressing it against her soft cheek. "As if I should care for anything if you and Aunt Jane were to die!"

"Nonsense!" broke in Miss Jane, sharply. "The world must go on even if two old maids are no longer in it. Gertrude, you are talking like a foolish child. What occasion is there for so much haste? There are still nine months before anything need be settled. At least, take time for consideration. We have heard nothing but what is good of John Warrington. He seems to be an honorable, upright young man, and—"

"Auntie, I do not care. He may be perfectly angelic, or a pinnacle of virtue and goodness," broke in Gertrude, rebelliously; "but I will not marry a man I do not know even by sight. He cannot care for me; so, if he does ask me to marry him, he will do it to save his own money and get mine—and how I shall despise him!"

"But wait till you have seen him," urged Miss Jane, in her most impressive manner. "There is plenty of time. My dear child, I fear your hastiness will lead you into a great error."

"It may be a mistake, auntie—I may be hasty—I hate it all so," cried Gertrude, hotly; "but nothing shall induce me to carry out the terms of those sense-

less wills. If even we had been allowed to see each other—to know—What could those old men have been dreaming of to imagine we could enter into such solemn bonds without the slightest knowledge of each other? Auntie, you must see it is horrible."

"But, Gertrude, if you get to know him and like him?" urged Miss Hornby, anxiously.

Gertrude jumped up from her footstool impetuously.

"Auntie, do not let us talk of it!" she cried, with flashing eyes. "Oh, how glad I shall be when I have been to London and seen this odious John Warrington, and told him that I won't marry him, and that he may take his money with a quiet conscience! He will have done his duty and got his reward, and I—"

"And you?" interrogated the two old ladies, quite aghast at Gertrude's impetuous resolutions and high-flown sentiments.

"Well, I will go and be a governess, or a sister of mercy, or something!" cried Gertrude, running out of the room to escape further discussion.

The 10:20 train to the South was standing in Carlisle Station. On the platform the noise and bustle were at their height. The engine was letting off steam with that peculiarly aggravating hissing roar which no other sound on earth resembles. Guards were beginning to slam the doors at the end of the long line of carriages, and the late arrivals were rushing wildly from the ticket-office in the direction of the train, followed by porters with trucks of luggage and bags and boxes innumerable.

Before the door of one of the first-class carriages a tall young lady, dressed from head to foot in sober brown, was standing, trying apparently to calm the fears of the old lady beside her, whose anxiety regarding the safety of her numerous boxes and bags and parcels was extreme.

"I tell you, Gertrude, the man did not put the little brown leather box in the luggage-van. I am sure he did not."

"Well, shall I go and see after it, auntie?" said the young lady, half-laughing, half-serious.

"No, no, get into the carriage. I will go myself."

"You will not have time, auntie. See, they are shutting the doors already. Let me go."

"Oh, yes, I shall! Do get in, Gertrude, and then I shall know you are safe."

With another half-laughing protest—to which Miss Hornby paid no heed—Gertrude stepped into the carriage and seated herself next the door; then, leaning forward, she said, with a mirthful glance of her dark eyes: "Don't be long, auntie; the consequences may be disastrous if both you and the bonnet-box get left behind."

"I won't be half a second," cried Miss Hornby, hurrying away in the direction of a knot of porters.

Gertrude leaned forward, still watching her, as she pushed her way unceremoniously among the crowd. She had just lost sight of her, when a porter came up, and glancing into the carriage, called out to some

one behind: "Plenty of room here, sir—only two other passengers."

"All right," said an authoritative voice. "Put my things in."

The porter tossed a great fur rug and hat-box into the nearest seat, shoved a portmanteau underneath, and put an umbrella and gun-case on the net-work above. While the owner of these articles, after bestowing a brief but comprehensive glance at Gertrude, and another at the seat occupied by Miss Hornby's cloaks and bags, began to walk leisurely up and down the platform, with the usual disinclination of mankind in general to sit down till the train is absolutely in motion.

He was a tall man, with a clear-cut, brown face and steady gray eyes—a face that looked as if its owner had a very decided will of his own, and generally contrived to have his way. He wore an ulster overcoat and wide-awake hat, and in his restless walk to and fro kept casting rather inquisitive glances at Gertrude, as she peered anxiously out of the window.

The platform was becoming almost clear of people, and Miss Hornby was nowhere to be seen. The slamming of the doors drew uncomfortably near; a bell was ringing somewhere, and the engine's hissing screech sounded an ominous warning.

A guard came to the door with a sharp "Time's up, sir!" the owner of the fur rug jumped into the carriage, the man slammed the door to, the whistle sounded and the long train began to move out of the station; while, far away down the platform, Gertrude caught sight of Miss Hornby rushing frantically forward, waving her umbrella and the unlucky bonnet-box, and shouting to somebody to stop the train.

Gertrude jumped up, put her hand out of the window and began to turn the handle of the door. It was very stiff, but she had succeeded in turning it and half opening the door, when a strong hand was laid on her arm, and a resolute voice said: "You cannot get out now; it is too late."

Gertrude turned round in angry astonishment.

"I will trouble you to let me go, sir," she said, haughtily. "I wish to rejoin my friend."

"It is utterly impossible," was the reply, in an authoritative and totally unmoved voice. "You would risk your life, and I shall not allow you to do anything so foolish."

Gertrude's brown eyes blazed up.

"How dare you detain me?" she cried, angrily.

"I tell you I will get out."

"I beg your pardon, young lady, but you certainly shall not," was the equally determined answer; "you must see for yourself that it is too late now—we are out of the station."

And as he spoke the train glided from under the wide archway, passed clear of the platform, and on to a network of converging lines and points. Gertrude glanced out of the window, and had the satisfaction of catching a last glimpse of Miss Hornby, still rushing frantically along after the train, and still waving the brown bonnet-box. In another moment they rounded a curve, and she was out of sight.

Without vouchsafing another word to, or a glance at, her fellow-traveler, but with a face of supreme displeasure, Gertrude seated herself again, drew her traveling-rug about her, took out a *Cornhill* and began to read. The gentleman, after one or two half-amused, slightly sarcastic glances in her direction, buried himself behind a sheet of the *Times*, and for the next hour or two the silence was broken only by the rustling of his unwieldy sheets as he turned them inside out, or the faint swish-swish of her pen-knife cutting open the leaves of her magazine.

After awhile Gertrude, having perused the tales and criticized the poetry, got tired of her *Cornhill*, and turned her face to the window for amusement. It was a dismal day. Rain, snow and wind seemed all battling together for mastery, and, as the train flew down the incline over sharp fells, the wild wind seemed to creep through the very walls of the carriage. The atmosphere was freezing, and Gertrude shivered underneath her light rug. She sat watching the great towering masses of cloud sweep down from the mountains on to the valleys, driven by the fierce gale, till the flying, rolling clouds, the keen wind and the rushing train made her dizzy, and she turned her thoughts and her eyes inside the carriage.

By this time her indignation against her fellow-traveler had had time to cool, and in the wearisome monotony of the journey she was more than half ready to welcome any overtures he might make toward beguiling the time more pleasantly. But he was apparently buried in the *Times*, so in despair Gertrude tried to extract some amusement from an elaborate scrutiny of all his belongings. Beginning at his feet, she wondered what possessed him to wear such frightfully thick boots; traveling a little higher, she wished he would offer her half of that great bearskin of his, it looked so splendidly warm; higher up still, she marveled what made him wear a brown glove on one hand and none on the other. Then she asked herself what he could find amusing in the tiresome "money-column" of the *Times*; then what the initials "J. H. W." on his hat-box stood for—"Wilson, Walker, Whitwell?"

But at that interesting point Miss Warrington's speculations came to an abrupt termination, for, lifting her eyes a little higher still, she found the subject of her thoughts intently regarding her, in his turn, over the edge of his newspaper. Gertrude colored and looked annoyed, but he half-laughingly threw down his newspaper and said apologetically: "I really beg your pardon, but I was just wondering whether you had forgiven me yet for putting a stop to your committing suicide an hour or two ago."

"I suppose I ought to be very much obliged to you," said Gertrude, looking at him rather shyly.

"I should think so," he rejoined, returning the look with interest.

"But you see I would so much rather have been left behind, that I fear I am not so grateful as I ought to be," said Gertrude, demurely, with a sudden scruple as to the propriety of talking to a perfect stranger.

"Then I have the consolation of knowing that virtue is its own reward in my case," he answered, gravely smiling. "I am really sorry to have disappointed you so much, but your friend will come on by the next train, of course?"

"I was not thinking of my aunt," said Gertrude, while a vision of Miss Hornby and the bonnet-box made her smile. "When there is something extremely disagreeable waiting to greet one at the journey's end, one is not sorry to put off the evil moment even by missing the train."

"I should not have imagined fate could have anything very disagreeable in store for you," said the gentleman, in an incredulous tone.

"Ah, you do not know!" returned Gertrude, shaking her head tragically, and without the least remorse dismissing her last scruple of propriety to the winds.

After this auspicious opening, it was not to be wondered at that Mr. Warrington—for it was he—should move his seat to the one opposite Gertrude's, and, after rearranging the wrappers, bestow upon her part of his coveted bear-skin, and then benevolently beguile the time by entering into a long conversation.

After this the miles flew by with wondrous rapidity. He had been everywhere and done everything; he talked well and pleasantly, and he put forth all his powers for the amusement of the beautiful, high-spirited girl who charmed him by every look and gesture. And so these two, who, if they had only known their respective names, would have flown from each other as from a pestilence, managed to pass the long eight hours' journey so pleasantly together that, when the train at last drew up at Euston Square Station, they were both unfeignedly surprised, and not a little disappointed, that the journey was over, and the time come to go their separate ways.

"Oh, dear me, if that odious John Warrington were only like him!" sighed Gertrude, as, after a rather lengthened adieu to her fellow-traveler, she leaned back in the carriage that had been sent to meet her at the station.

"Now, if that girl was only Gertrude," mused Mr. John Warrington, as he watched the carriage out of sight, "it might be endurable."

Mr. John Warrington did not seem in any hurry to make his appearance at Sir John Harcourt's house; nothing was heard of him for a week. But at length one evening he arrived suddenly in the dusk, when no one was expecting him. Gertrude was by herself in the drawing-room, sitting on a footstool, and gazing, in a brown study, into the fire, which had burnt down to a dark red glow, making everything in the room indistinct and sombre. Presently the door opened, and without any warning "Mr. Warrington" was announced.

She jumped up in a sudden fit of nervousness. In the dusk all she could see was a tall, dark figure advancing toward her, the features of whose face it was impossible to distinguish. She herself was almost invisible, only the numerous frillings and flounces on

the skirt of her dark dress showing plainly in the red glow of the hearth. He came close up to where she stood, and just uttering her name, made a low and ceremonious bow, to which Gertrude responded by one equally dignified. Neither of them spoke a syllable for several minutes; and then Gertrude, putting on her most stately manner, said, in icy terms: "Pray, be seated, Mr. Warrington; and, since we have to go through this very painful and, in my opinion, unnecessary interview, may I beg that you will make it as brief as possible."

"It cannot be more disagreeable to you than it is to me!" he replied, haughtily. "I wish to spare you all the annoyance possible, but my part is so painfully ungracious that I must ask you to pardon me if I speak more plainly than seems courteous."

"You cannot speak too plainly for my pleasure," said Gertrude, thawing a little at some subtle intonation of the voice or manner; "but I think it may spare you some unnecessary words if I tell you at once that nothing shall induce me to fulfill the conditions of my grandfather's will."

"Are you fully acquainted with the consequences, then?" he asked, gravely. "Do you know the forfeit you must pay in case of refusal to comply with them?"

"Certainly. I lose my fortune," and Miss Warrington drew herself up in magnificent scorn as she spoke. "But nothing can make any difference, Mr. Warrington. I have at least one privilege left, and that is the privilege of saying 'No.'"

"Pardon me, you cannot say 'No' to what has never been asked," he answered, slightly ironical.

The hot blood rushed into Gertrude's cheeks, and her eyes flashed angrily.

"I considered your presence here a sufficient intimation of your wishes, sir," she retorted, hotly.

"Then you made a mistake," he said, in a voice as proud as her own. "My wishes have not been consulted in the matter. I consented to a personal interview with you only under extreme pressure, knowing how embarrassing it must needs be to both of us."

"Then, may I ask what did bring you here, sir?" asked Gertrude, with supreme *hauteur*, beginning dimly to comprehend that she had nothing to fear on the score of Mr. John Warrington, and in a fit of perversity not a little piqued at it.

He hesitated a moment before answering, devoutly wishing the self-possessed young lady before him would contrive to be a little quicker of comprehension. The interview was proving even more embarrassing than he had anticipated, all the more so that with all her magnificent dignity and self-possession there was a subtle charm and fascination about Miss Gertrude Warrington that made his ungracious task most terribly disagreeable.

"It seems that by the terms of the wills," he began, in a constrained voice, "no arrangement could be completed unless I saw you personally. I wish to explain to you—and I assure you that I do so very reluctantly—that—that I have not the least intention—the wills insist that in case I could not—" Here he came to a



full stop, and stared helplessly into the fire, most devoutly wishing himself at the antipodes, and dimly conscious that his companion was rather enjoying the situation than not.

"Well?" queried the young lady, calmly, while an amused smile crossed her face as the nature of his difficulty dawned upon her.

Making a supreme effort, he began again.

"I came here because I was assured I must see you, and—and tell you personally that—that I—that on no account can I—that I am very sorry, but that—Hang it all! Confound the wills!" And here Mr. John Warrington fairly came to grief, and strode up and down the room in genuine embarrassment, totally unable to inform the stately young lady before him that no consideration on earth should induce him to marry her.

Gertrude came to the rescue with a little malicious laugh.

"Mr. Warrington," she said, frankly, offering her hand, "it seems we are both of one mind on this point. I feel more than grateful to you for your frank admission, and I heartily beg your pardon for my mercenary and unjust suspicions."

With a feeling of intense relief John Warrington took the offered hand.

"It is I who ought to beg your pardon," he said, gratefully. "You cannot imagine what a nightmare my embarrassing position has been to me. I assure you I nearly ran off to America yesterday out of sheer fright. I felt it almost an insult to mention the terms of those two absurd wills to you; but Sir John Harcourt would have no mercy, and made me come."

Gertrude laughed.

"He was most tyrannical, as I know to my cost. But"—in a tragic voice—"what will become of our two fortunes, now, Mr. Warrington?"

"I have not the slightest idea," he said, with a grim smile, "for no one seems to have contemplated such a catastrophe as our mutually refusing each other, and I do not think there is any provision against such a *contretemps*."

"Then," said Gertrude, in a disconsolate voice, "I suppose we shall both lose our money. I think I could have borne the loss of mine with tolerable equanimity, but I do not feel quite so philosophical when loss comes to both."

"Perhaps some of the lawyers may be able to solve the knotty problem," he replied, indifferently, thinking with rather suspicious regret what a charming girl this cousin—whom he had just refused to marry—seemed to be. He stayed a few minutes longer, as if unwilling to go, and then, with a rather prolonged shake of the hand and a low bow, he left the room.

Gertrude heard the hall-door close after him. A most unwonted feeling of sadness came over her as she turned to the fire again, wondering why some tones of Mr. Warrington's voice, some fancied resemblance in his tall, athletic figure reminded her so strongly of her pleasant fellow-traveler.

What to do with the money did prove a knotty

point for the lawyers; for, as Mr. Warrington had surmised, there was no provision in either of the wills against the refusal of both parties to comply with the conditions. The lawyers wrangled; and the only immediate consequences were that Mr. John Warrington's allowance of five hundred a year and Miss Gertrude Warrington's of one thousand were stopped. So the months sped on, and when the summer came round affairs were still in abeyance.

At the end of July the Misses Hornby and Gertrude were settled for two months at a small village on the Welsh coast, rejoicing in the unpronounceable name of Llan-y-Wrelyn. They had a pretty cottage standing in its own grounds on a steep cliff overlooking a beautiful sweep of bay.

The place was entirely destitute of society, save a few temporary visitors—chiefly artists or stray tourists—who took up their quarters at the primitive village inn. There was no amusement but what was to be had from exploring the lovely country around, or boating and fishing.

They had been there two or three weeks, when one day Miss Jane Hornby and Gertrude—who were seized with a mania for exploring—set off to visit a tempting bit of ruin, the remains of an ancient watch-tower, which stood at the end of a long reef of rocks at the extreme point of the bay, and which at full tide was entirely covered by water.

They started early, with many cautions from Miss Hornby to mind and not get surrounded. But the walk was long, the rocks were slippery, and the ruins very interesting. It seemed to Gertrude that they had been climbing and exploring only a few minutes, when, looking landwards, she discovered, to her dismay, the water already flowing over the reef, and advancing pretty rapidly on to the low ledges and heaps of broken stones which composed the ruins of the old tower.

"O auntie, auntie!" she called, hastily. "See, we are quite surrounded! What shall we do?"

Miss Jane glanced up in affright.

"Quick," she said—"be quick, Gertie! We must wade along the reef before the water gets any deeper."

Throwing away specimen-baskets and sun-shades, they grasped each other by the hand and stepped into the rippling, eddying water, which along the top of the reef was only a few inches deep. But almost at the first step Miss Jane slipped on the treacherous seaweed and fell. With great difficulty Gertrude helped her on to her feet again, and led her back, faint and trembling, to the heap of ruined stones; then, desperately frightened, she raised her voice in a loud cry for help. There was no living thing in sight. Eagerly and anxiously they scanned the blue rippling sea, flowing so persistently over the reefs of rock. Nothing was to be seen save a few gulls sweeping down on to the crests of the waves—not even a fishing-boat was in sight. With great trouble Gertrude persuaded her aunt to let her try to cross the ledge alone. It was almost a forlorn hope, but it seemed too horrible to wait there quietly till the pitiless sea should have covered them with its tossing

waves. She tied her dress away from her feet, and taking one of the sun-shades to feel her way with, advanced boldly along the reef for some twenty yards. Then she suddenly slipped and fell into deep water. Repressing a wild scream of fright, she managed to scramble on to the reef again, and then, faint and dizzy, crept back to the still safe refuge of the old ruins. Here, in horrible fear, shivering in their wet clothes, the two ladies waited, every now and then raising their voices in cries for help and waving their handkerchiefs as signals of distress. But the quick minutes passed on, and no living thing was to be seen on land or sea. The water crept up higher and higher, so slowly, yet so remorselessly. It was already at the foot of their last heap of stones, and they could see in each other's blanched faces the horrible dread that possessed them, when suddenly a small boat shot out from the shelter of the land, and, impelled by powerful strokes, drew rapidly toward them. It seemed hours to the two, waiting and fearing, on the now rapidly-disappearing heap of stones, with the spray of the waves splashing over them, but it was, in reality, only ten minutes, till they were lifted with a strong hand from their perilous refuge and placed in the stern of the small boat. The oarsman threw them a rough pilot-coat and an old rug, both of which had seen much service on the water, and, without wasting any words, bent again to his oars, apparently only intent on getting his shivering freight as quickly as possible to land.

Very miserable and woe-begone they looked. In her scramble out of the water Gertrude had lost her hat, and her morning-dress of summer holland clung to her in damp, heavy folds, while the water fell in quick drops from a long tress of bright hair that lay uncoiled on her shoulder and down to her waist. She had put up her hand to fasten it round her head again, when she caught the quick glance of a pair of steady gray eyes regarding her with a look half-doubtful, half-recognizing. Collecting her scattered wits, she looked back in turn, and discovered, to her astonishment, that the man seated opposite to her in rough sailor shirt, pea-jacket and tarpaulin hat, with his boat half-filled with dead flukes, was none other than her very well-remembered traveling-companion. Involuntarily she flushed up as a smile of recognition crossed his face, and, with a slight bow, he said, merrily: "I had no idea it was an old friend I was to have the pleasure of rescuing from such an unpleasant predicament."

"How can we thank you?" said Gertrude, eagerly. "But for you we should have been drowned."

"No, I think not," he replied, smiling back to her. "You had been seen from the shore by the fishermen; but, as my boat is the lightest, I decided to come myself. You should have been sure of the tide, young lady, before venturing on such a dangerous spot as that."

"We never thought of it," said Gertrude, almost timidly. "It seemed to come up without a moment's warning; and it was so pleasant climbing among the rocks."

"Yes, it is. I have been trying to drag myself away from Llan-y-Wrellyn for the last week, and I have not succeeded yet."

"Then I suppose it is you who have been at the inn for the last three weeks, and who went out in the life-boat in the gale," said Miss Jane, curiously; for strange tales of a wonderful feat of daring had floated up to the ladies at the cottage.

"Yes," he answered, carelessly; "I came for a week, and I have been here three. But you are shivering with cold; I must put a little more speed on."

He redoubled his exertions, and the tiny boat seemed to fly through the water. In a few minutes the keel grated on the shingle, and the stranger, springing out, handed the two ladies to shore, put on his jacket, and, giving up his boat to a man, offered his arm to Miss Jane, to help her up the steep path leading to Belle Vue Cottage.

As a matter of course he was asked in and introduced to Miss Hornby as their deliverer. In their gratitude and delight the two old ladies could not do too much for him, and pressed him earnestly to stay and spend the evening with them.

"I shall be only too happy," he said, "if you will first allow me to return to the inn and change my sea-going toggery—it is scarcely fit for a lady's room."

"I wonder who he is?" said Miss Hornby, when he had disappeared through the door.

"We do not even know his name," echoed Miss Jane; "but, at any rate, he is a gentleman. Gertrude, you seemed to recognize him. Who is he?"

Gertrude was standing by the table in a dream, totally regardless of her dripping garments and shivery feelings.

"It is the gentleman who traveled with me to London last November," she answered, absently; "I do not know his name, or anything about him."

"Ah, why, he must have left his card!" cried Miss Hornby, picking up one from the table; and, as the other two leaned eagerly over her, she read out "Mr. J. H. Warton." It is odd I never saw him put it down; but, of course, it must be his."

"I suppose it must be," agreed Miss Jane, as she left the room, calling to Gertrude from the door, "My dear child, do go and change those wet clothes—you will get your death."

"J. H. W.," mused Gertrude, as she took off her wet dress in her own room. "Those were the initials on his hat-box in the train that day. How odd that we should meet again here."

But the card in question which caused this mistake belonged to the curate of Llan-y-Wrellyn, who had called that morning on the ladies at the cottage for some subscription to a local charity.

"Who are the ladies at Belle Vue, Mrs. Sims?" asked John Warrington of his landlady, as he took his brown wide-awake from the hat-stand preparatory to his return to the cottage.

"Misses Hornby, sir. Very pleasant ladies they are, and so kind to the poor. Miss Gertrude's their niece—the bonniest and blithest young lady that comes here, sir."

"She is very pretty, certainly," agreed Mr. Warrington, putting on his hat and walking away up the village street with the air of a man who has something very pleasant in prospect.

The acquaintance begun so accidentally was improved by the consent of all concerned. Mr. Warton, as much to John Warrington's amusement, they persisted in calling him, was heartily welcomed by the old ladies at Belle Vue whenever he chose to make his appearance. Miss Hornby expatiated on his many perfections every hour of the day, while Miss Jane, who professed to be a judge of physiognomy, declared that no man with such a face and manner could be anything but the most honorable, straightforward and upright of men. Gertrude said nothing at all—perhaps she deemed speech superfluous as she thought so continuously about him.

So, for some weeks the two young people met daily, and no boating, or climbing, or exploring excursion could be undertaken without the help of the always-willing, always-pleasant Mr. Warton. When the fast-growing liking between the two became patent even to the unsuspicious eyes of the Misses Hornby, he was so firmly established in their good graces that nothing short of a miracle could have supplanted him.

But time sped on, and the two months' visit to Llan-y-Wrellyn drew to an end. On the last evening Gertrude and Mr. Warrington were sitting together among the rocks on the sea-shore, watching the sunset, Miss Hornby having left them on some pretext of seeing after the packing-up.

John Warrington sat thoughtfully gazing straight before him at the splendor of crimson, and gold, and purple in the west, while Gertrude, with dreamy eyes, was nervously poking the point of her parasol into a hole in the rock, to the utter destruction of the carved ivory stick.

"What a dismal word 'Good-bye' is!" said Mr. Warrington, rousing himself after a long silence.

"Yes, it is," agreed Gertrude, with an absent glance at the bending stick of the sun-shade. "I think it is the most dreary word in the whole English language."

"Do not you think we might dispense with it altogether in our case?"

Gertrude turned a pair of inquiring brown eyes up to him, but, meeting the unmistakable significance of his downward glance, a vivid carnation spread over neck, cheeks and brow, and seemed to tingle to her very finger-tips.

"Why should we say 'Good-bye' at all, Gertrude?" he went on, taking her hand in his. "You must know all I would say to you. My darling, it only rests with you, and we need never separate again."

Gertrude's color came and went; her eyes were fixed on the frilling of her pretty muslin dress, but her hand was left nestling in his firm clasp.

"Tell me, darling," he said, drawing her closer to him, and gazing passionately into her changing face, "shall we never say 'Good-bye' at all? Will you be my wife, Gertrude—my own sweet wife?"

And Gertrude's answer was whispered on his shoulder, as he put his arm round her and kissed her again and again.

The sun had gone down, and purple-gray shadows were stealing over the sea, before the two lovers brought themselves back again to earthly matters, and remembered it was time to return home. Gertrude half rose from her seat on the rocks with a rather shy: "Why, how late it is!"

"But I want to tell you something first, Gertrude," said John Warrington, detaining her by him. "It is really necessary that you should know something about me before you speak to your aunts; and I might be a chimney-sweep or day-waiter, for anything you know to the contrary."

"I don't care if you are," murmured Gertrude, contentedly, from his shoulder.

John laughed and stooped to kiss her again.

"Then you will not be at all interested to hear that I shall lose a large fortune by marrying you, young lady," he said.

"Yes, I shall!" cried Gertrude, starting up. "What do you mean, Mr. Warton? You must not—"

"Why do you always call me 'Mr. Warton?'" he interrupted, looking amused. "That is not my name."

"Not your name?" echoed Gertrude, with wide-open eyes.

"No. My name is John Warrington. I often wondered why you all pronounced it so oddly, but—"

"John Warrington!" cried Gertrude, starting up in a panic. "John Warrington! It cannot be!"

"Why cannot it be?" he laughed, drawing her down beside him again. "Is there anything against my name—any just cause or impediment why it should not be John Warrington?"

But Gertrude stared at him as if unable to believe the evidence of her own eyes and ears.

"John Warrington!" she echoed again. "There must have been a fate in our meeting."

"I am sure there was," said her lover, emphatically. "But why should my name cause you such surprise? I concluded you knew it long ago."

"But it happens to be my name, too," said Gertrude, half-demurely, half-shyly.

It was John Warrington's turn to look astonished.

"Your name?" he echoed, staring at her. "Why, your name is Gertrude Hornby, like your aunts'!"

"No, it is not," she answered, while the rosy-red deepened on her cheeks and her eyes sparkled with laughter; "I assure you I had no idea the climax was going to be so deeply tragical. The Misses Hornby are my mother's sisters, and my name is Gertrude Margaret Warrington."

"Well," was Miss Jane Hornby's comment, when, after a good deal of explanation, she had been made to understand the new and surprising aspect of affairs, "there must have been a fate in it, after all, and a fate that worked by THE RULE OF CONTRARY, too."

## RUMMAGING IN THE GARRET.

**T**IME-THIEF has wielded long enough his scythe-like sceptre, so here we come, with broom in hand, to do battle and stir up a dust in the garret. We stumble first upon an old umbrella-frame, and catching wildly to regain our equilibrium, get hung mid the intricacies of an obsolete crinoline of vast dimensions, circling up to the rafters midst clouds of dust, like a whirlwind in drougthy weather. Just the very things for a "combination suit" now so much in vogue. But what can be made of an umbrella-frame and a hoop-skirt? Singly, I have seen a neat walking-cane made of the handle, corset-stays made of the whale-bone, and crochet and knitting-needles made of the wire of an umbrella. I have seen bustles and trellises made of the hoop. But, combined, we will now make a hanging-basket. Hoist the umbrella half way; secure thus, hang up by the handle; beginning at the *focus*, weave the hoop-wire in and out, like basket-work, till it is filled to the tips of the ribs, to four of which tie strong cords, which must pass up to the handle and be confined there in a groove. Line the basket with fern-matted moss, fill with woods earth, in which plant parlor-ivy and tradescantia zebrina. Tie a tassel of long green moss or "coffin-fringe" to the focus stick, hang up by the crook where it will get plenty of sun and rain (for this is what umbrellas are made for, and *this* does not differ from others, save that it is not so apt to walk off, though it soon becomes a *living* thing—"a thing of beauty").

By some strange association of ideas, constructiveness now points to a pile of delicately-turned rounds of old chairs, table-legs and walking-sticks. Bring them out, sharpen them at the lower extremities, bore gimlet-holes equidistant three inches; beginning at the bottom, pass the hoop-wire back and forth, serpentine-fashion, through the holes, till the top is reached; carry it over in a circle; descend in the same way, and secure the end in the last hole where commencing. This makes a light and airy trellis for pot-plants such as verbenas and fuchsias. The design may be varied by boring holes crossing each other at right angles, and repeating the work as directed above; or, the wire may be passed several times through the same holes, drawing it tighter each time, that a design within a design may appear more elaborate. Balloon, fan or oval figures may terminate the tops of trellises. (One not having an inventive brain, may get patterns from Dreer's advertisement of "Trellises for flower-pots.") Paint green, or make white by dipping into a tub of prepared whitewash. Leave the woven covering on the wire to protect from heat.

In another corner of the garret we find a heap of old barrel-hoops. These may be utilized in the same manner for honey-suckle and ivy-vines. This broom-handle will do for a stake. Notch the diameter of the largest hoop upon the upper end of the stick, select another four inches smaller and notch the diameter upon the stick, within the space between

the other notches; get another four inches smaller still, and notch its diameter within the last; sharpen the stick for inserting into the earth, tie the hoops to the stick at their respective notches, dip in whitewash, and you have a circular trellis as substantial as beautiful.

But how hard it is to stay in the garret to-day! Birds are singing and flowers are blooming. We *could* not, we *would* not be confined to-day to dust and rubbish, were our fingers not deftly forming baskets and trellises for flowers, and our minds reveling in the glories of anticipation. Then, that we may work contentedly, let us make more frames. Bring out those thin cigar-boxes, your fret-saw, or a sharp knife will do, the design is not intricate. Cut a paper-pattern of a lyre, mark it off upon the plank. This proves too narrow for the whole pattern. Then we must cut out one arm at a time; it is *handier*, any way. Join these at the lower extremity by tacking them to a flat stick, sharpened for inserting into the pot. Tack a strip of plank across the neck of the harp for receiving five holes, bore five corresponding holes in the base of the harp, and pass waxed cords up and down through the holes to represent harp-strings; paint or whitewash, and you have a poetical beauty out of that most unpoetical place—the garret.

Drag out those worm-eaten cheese-boxes, cover them with gnarled roots of laurel, paint them brown, fill with sandy loam; in the centre of one set a century-plant, in the other a cactus; plant tradescantia around the margin. Place the boxes upon posts three feet high, upon each side of the main walk. These will be *standing* beauties throughout the long summer days. When frost comes, remove them to the sitting-room. Place one beneath each window hanging-basket, upon hour-glass stands. You have none? Well, we will make a pair; here is the material in the garret. The two cheese-box lids will form the bases, and a couple of walnut candle-stand boards (which happily we find of the same dimensions as the box-lids) will do for the tops. This old mop-handle sawed in two will make the stems just a yard long. Bore large auger-holes in the centre of each round board. Mark the thickness of the boards upon each end of the sticks, where make incisions with a sharp knife, straight into the wood, and shave up to this, until the end of stick fits the holes and has a shoulder to rest upon. This is much more substantial than if the stick or stem were sharpened to present an inclined plane, and driven into a hole with a horizontal plane. Cut crimson calico two inches wider than the length of the stems; tack each margin to the boards in little box-plaits, over which tack fringe upon the top and braid at the bottom. Tie a cord with tassels around the centre, drawing the calico into the stem to represent an hour-glass. This answers for a candle-stand or flower-stand.

As we have unconsciously glided into house-furnishing, we will not return to flowers till we have made footstools or something of this soft old merino and these neat boxes.

Here is material enough in this old-fashioned full



skirt to make a sofa; and here, too, is a long, narrow box, just right for a *tête-à-tête*. We must make a lounge, and there will be scraps enough left for footstools. Invert the box, upon one end nail one-quarter of a section of a round log, six inches in diameter (sawed the length of width of box), with the flat side down, and the round side rolling as the pillow of a one-armed lounge. Shape a broad plank, with a graceful curve, *quite* abrupt at one end and very gradual at the other, for a back. Before nailing on the back see that it fits, and then cover it, the seat and pillow with a quantity of hair, tow, moss or any other stuffing at hand; spread on evenly a piece of old quilt or coarse canvas; and lastly, the merino, drawn well over the edge and confined beneath braid or strips of black morocco. The front side and two ends of the box may be covered with the merino, tacked on quite plain or in box-plaits. Cut small round caps of black morocco (and here we find a pair of shiny old shoes, just the thing) to keep the small, round-headed tacks from drawing through, and nail the entire covering, at distances each way of three inches, fast to the wood, to keep the stuffing from being displaced.

If we had our husbands out of the field, we would greatly improve this piece of furniture, as well as the footstools, by having him saw up slanting from each corner, a few inches, split out half of the plank, making the box shallower and forming feet, which could be stained and varnished. But this is very substantial as it is, and the footstools will also serve as shoe and pattern-boxes. Fasten the lids on with leather hinges, put a heap of merchants' packing-shavings upon the lids, cover with these huge chignons, and finally with a square of merino, confining the edge beneath a quilling of the same material, which must serve the double purpose of also concealing the upper margin of the ruffle (upon the box), which is hemmed at the bottom.

Now bring out the basket of spools and the barrel-heads. Select four half-round boards of gradient sizes, in each bore four large gimlet-holes, one in each corner and two at equal distances from the corners upon the rounding side, which ornament with chestnuts, glued fast, to represent carved work. Stain the spools and boards with walnut-stain and varnish. Tie a knot or small wooden ornament upon the end of each of four cords; run on the largest board, then five spools, beginning with the largest, then the next board, five more spools upon each cord, the next board, five more spools, and finally, the least, which makes the top shelf of these hanging book-shelves or what-not. Tie the cords together and suspend from a large nail.

From another corner in the garret we rake up a lot of old picture-frames, and hard by, as if to inspire our inventive faculty, sets a box of leather scraps. Oh, how we revel in fancies of fruits and foliage again! But what connection has a box of leather scraps with the fresh green foliage of Nature? Not much, to be sure! It ought to make us sad—"a matter of life and death." We can so well represent "the

sear and yellow leaf" with leather. Cut twelve oak leaves, fasten three to each corner of a frame, glue on each a bunch of acorns, leaving some of the cups new and clean, as if the nuts had just fallen out. Cut twelve grape leaves, make four clusters of grapes of purple morocco, by covering knots of cotton; secure these with some natural tendrils to the corners of a frame. Cut hickory leaves and glue on the nuts bursting from the shells. Varnish all, and frame rustic scenes in chromo or steel engraving. Hang with crimson cord upon nails concealed beneath bunches of real autumn leaves and asparagus berries.

MRS. M. D. SAYERS.

## THE CONTRAST.

SHE was buried to-day, good old Aunt Ross, the friend of my childhood, for all children loved her kind, motherly ways, and all children were especial pets of hers. But she is gone, and by only a few will she be missed. She was old and poor, therefore there was no parade or vain show at her funeral. Did you ever notice that *such* funerals are never crowded? But, perhaps, the angels come in throngs; we do not know. So it was but a small procession which followed to the church-yard, and they filled in the grave, in a far corner of the yard, very quickly. It was *only old Mrs. Ross!* It is strange to think, isn't it, how much less time it takes to bury a poor person than a rich one?

Last week Esquire M—— was buried. He died suddenly, but, somehow, everybody seemed to know of it, and to speak of it with regret, and the funeral arrangements were heralded far and wide. He was, before his death, the richest man in the village. At the last obsequies the church was crowded to excess. The remains reposed in an elegant casket, upon which were a few rare and costly flowers. There were crowds of mourners. A stranger would have thought the deceased was a relative of everybody in town.

While the affecting sermon was being preached by an eloquent divine from the city, we sat in a distant pew, and thought seriously of the two who had just left our midst—Squire M—— and Aunt Ross. There was, as the world places it, a vast difference between them, the difference of rank and station. One was wealthy, honored, eagerly sought—the other poor, obscure, lowly and lonely. And why was this? Ah! it is one of the mysteries we cannot solve here, but we may know hereafter.

Years and years ago this man defrauded this woman of property which was justly hers, and it formed the nucleus of his great wealth. He was permitted to prosper, and to heap up treasures around him, while she was condemned to a long life of poverty and toil. They are gone to meet their reward—she, for her long suffering and patiently-borne sorrows; he, for his arrogance, his dishonesty and pride. How shall it be in that other world, where there is no distinction between the rich and the poor?

EMILY SANBORN.

## Mother's' Department.

### FROM PIPSEY'S BASKET.

#### "THESE LITTLE ONES."

THE dust has gathered on the little brown basket since I opened it the last time. But here in one end lie a couple of letters tied together with a bit of ribbon; they came in the same mail, and were answered briefly, and laid aside for further consideration and more lengthy replies. One asks: "What shall I do with the busy babies?" And the other, alas! "How shall I manage my husband?" Not very proper questions to propound to a single woman; but if she, Pipsey, don't know any better, it is mayhap well enough. This cry from the mother-heart is universal; it goes out all over the land. Let me give a part of the letter written last fall:

"\* \* \* I enjoy your talks so much; I have known you so long, and learned to love you; and as I sit here thinking of my little family, I remembered how helpful you always were to those in need. I am a young wife, only twenty-four years of age; have been married seven years, and have two dear little children now, one five and one three. A dainty bit of sewing work lies on my lap, almost ready for the tiny form that will wear it soon. I am discouraged when I think of the long and hard and bleak western winter before us, and of the two little spirits that will have to be caged up, and they are so noisy. The darlings, they are angelic enough when bed-time comes, and they kneel and lip their evening prayers, and kiss me and bid me 'good-night and pleasant dreams.' But, oh, they are so trying to the nerves during the day. I said to-day that I might as well begin to pray for an increase of patience, as mountains of it would hardly be enough. So to-night I ask you, what can I do for my children this winter? My husband says, send Harry to school out of the way; but that is not honest to the teacher nor the child, and I have no right to shirk the responsibility upon another. I will teach him to read this winter; but you know that will take but very little space out of the day, and it is, 'O mamma, what can I do?' 'Mamma, what can I play with?' more than a hundred times a day.

"We have building blocks, and pictures, and that admirable publication, *The Nursery*; but they all grow old in a little while. I have told them Bible stories; but do you know that after while the supply becomes exhausted, or at least I grow tired of telling the same ones over and over so much. And in retelling them, one must 'hew to the line,' or be called to order for not using the exact phraseology every time. They can remember precisely, but we cannot. And, dear Pipsey, I don't like so very well to tell them some of the Bible stories—those about fighting and killing people, and the knavery of some of the good old patriarchs. A boy always admires physical strength, you know, and Harry dotes on Sampson and Goliath stories—'good, bloody ones,' he calls them.

"By the way, I bear a white seam of a scar on the back of one of my ears, made by my little brother in my babyhood with a dull carving-knife, pretending that I was the servant of the high priest. I endeavor to shun stories that will arouse and excite their tempers. But children, you know, always love to hear of the blessed works of Jesus, even if they can hardly understand. Mothers all over the land are asking

the same question, 'How can we keep our darlings busy?' for business they must have.

"We women have so many duties, what with the daily employment—washing, ironing, baking, cooking, making and mending—we hardly feel like entertaining the dear little ones with story, and song, and helpful plays; but it must be done, no matter how tired the brain or weary the body. I do get so discouraged trying to do my whole duty.

"Men think they are entitled to much praise if they furnish a comfortable support for their families, but they rarely or ever realize the double duty the wife and mother has to perform. Sometimes I think the average man would be driven frantic if obliged to have the daily and constant companionship of even two children for one month. Some would give out in less time than that, and then they might have the privilege of sleeping all night during the time. A man could not endure the grinding, chafing, wearing toil of soul and body. It is wonderful what women can endure. I wish men fully and really appreciated women better than they do. It would be some satisfaction.

"Now I am writing to you just as freely as I would sit and think my own thoughts to my own self. Dear Pipsey, you who love and pity everybody, will understand me when I say that I am not complaining, and growling, and saying this in a fault-finding spirit. My children are not puny, are hardly ever sick, they are sound to the core, and sweet as cherubs, and they fill the bill exactly, and not the most fastidious mother in the wide, wide West is prouder of her beloved darlings. My eyes overflow with tears many a night when I tuck them in their little crib, and when their sweet, dewy kisses rain down on my face and neck, and I have to loosen their warm, clinging arms from about me. I thank God every night for my babies, and that they are well, and strong, and sound in every perfect limb, and beautiful in every feature. Sleep is one of my necessities, and I thank Him that I can go to bed and rest and recuperate, instead of shading the light, and walking softly, and listening with tears and anxiety to moans and labored breathing, and with sharpened vision seeing a little mound in the dreary, prairie cemetery. This talk has done me good; I hope I have not trespassed upon your time; I shall feel the better for unburthening my heart to you. I should dearly love to receive a letter from your own hand, telling me what to do for the busy babies, how to be more patient, and hopeful, and cheerful; and if you could tell me that you pity me, and such as myself, that would do me good, too. I want to hear it fresh from your own very self. Good-night."

We wrote back to the dear woman; but pages and pages could not hold one-tenth that could be written on this subject. After all manner of amusements are suggested and recommended, the subject remains almost untouched. We talked about the most attractive ways of pleasing the little ones, the ways which we had tried and found good ourselves—mud pies, sand heap and shovel, building-blocks, little bundles of patch-work and quilt-patches to examine daily, dolls to dress and undress, sewing-work with the thread tied in the needle's eye, a shawl to make a tent of, a cord or strap for a halter, a play-house with the rude table, chairs, lounge, shelves, carpet and boxes covered nicely.

Another attractive amusement that we used to find for the children was a saddle fastened on the top rail of a low fence. With a long skirt, and a hat with a streaming veil, a little girl can find a rare fund of entertainment for a whole summer or two. The boy can ride on a pad in a long coat and carry a riding-whip. A low swing among the door-yard trees is good fun; so is that other plaything that we used to call a "wild horse"—a stake driven into the ground, and a plank or two fastened on top of it, in the centre, by an iron pin, so that they will turn around and around. This latter is best made out under the orchard trees on the grass in a breezy place.

But mother's talks and stories, and her walks and picnics with the little ones are the most delightful of all. Nothing will please children better than for mother to roast a chicken, and make a cake, pretty as she can make it, and go away to some wild nook among the trees, and rocks, and brooks, or to some excellent wild-wood spring, or fountain, or maple grove, or ferny bank, and eat dinner. The mother will enjoy it as much as the children, and the rest will do her good. Invite some of their little friends to go, too, or some poor, neglected child, into whose barren life the incident will come like a sweet blessing, never to be forgotten. Little girls entering their teens often say to me: "O Miss Potts, I wish I'd been a little girl when mother was; she is always telling us what good times she used to have with you and the children in your nice walks and picnics, and days spent in the woods!"

In those days I worked very hard, indeed, and I had to coax myself into these rambles, and the strongest argument I brought up to induce myself to go was, that the remembrance of it would live all through the lives of "these little ones," and cheer and comfort them always, and remain beautiful for them to think about.

Only last night, the girls, now grown to young womanhood, said, as we looked from a western window: "We have found a new place where we will go some day with our lunch; just there, away among those western woods where you see the dimple among the hills. There is a spring there, and rocks, and a dashing brook, and mosses, and ferns, and maiden-hair, one of the wildest little nooks, and we walked right up to it, yesterday, never dreaming of what was hidden away in the quiet wildwood!" Of course, I promised to go with them if they would invite the tired dressmaker in the village, and the school-teacher, and the little city girl who gives music lessons, and some of the sprightly student girls.

"And, for the sake of the 'good old days,' Pipsey, won't you make one of your big, sweet-smelling fruity cakes, frosted, like you used to, with the family initials in sugar-sand or fine candy. I would like the very smell of one, just as they used to smell out in the breezy woods when the pines waved their spicy tassels over our heads, and we sat among the sweet, dry pine needles, and cones, and winter-greens, and arbutus."

I said: "No, I'll not make a cake, either, when you both can make such nice ones, and so much better than ever I did."

Well, this is one way, a charming way of amusing and teaching the children and making them happy, not only for one day, but for all the days of their lives. Another delightful pleasure for the little growing ones, is to make an occasional party for them, limiting the number invited to such an age—say, if your child is seven years old, you limit the invitations to those between the ages of six and nine years, or thereabouts.

Children can be taught such excellent lessons at these little gatherings; impress on the minds of your own the beauty of unselfishness, the desire to make others happy, the pleasure there is in giving pleasure to others, the charm of a mild, serene spirit, and the loveliness there is in the character of the peacemaker. Teach them the meaning of the sentiment embodied in Lowell's exquisite poem of "My Love:"

"She doeth little kindnesses

Which most leave undone or despise;  
For naught that sets one's heart at ease,  
And giveth happiness and peace  
Is low-esteemed in her eyes."

Impress upon their hearts the value of forbearance, the sweetness of self-abnegation, the wisdom of withholding anger and angry replies, the meanness of envy and malice, the joy of inspiring courage into the troubled soul, the worth of sympathy of the precious little "I pity you," "I am sorry for you," the sinfulness of pride, the sweetness of the kindly nature that always thanks another for favors, the respect for the Sabbath and sacred things, and, don't forget to teach them to love and reverence old age and gray hairs. Oh, there is so much that you can teach "these little ones," and hardly know it yourself. Even as you stand at the ironing-table, with one foot upon the cradle-rock, and the beads of perspiration upon your poor, sunburnt forehead, and the freckles sprinkled across your nose and on the backs of your brown hands, why blessed mother! weary, and aching, and discouraged with the inconveniences of your humble home and its unsatisfactory surroundings, hurting your fine sensibilities every time you look out and see the hog-pen, and cow-stable, and ash-house, and mud-hole, and lots of harvest hands, even you—crowned among women—can preach more effectually and more practical sermons than—your pastor, perhaps. You live them in your daily life of toil and care; they speak out in a language, mute though it is, that God and the angels understand and rejoice over. Yours is not the fine coin of other men's making. You did not dream it out in a semi-unconscious state, half-guessing at the prettily-worded phrases. You can stamp your impress upon the plastic little minds while rosy faces look up into yours, and chubby arms lean on the table beside you. You can, by your earnest words, teach godliness, and temperance, and honesty, and perseverance, and kindness, and the meaning of the Golden Rule, and the value of a good character, and the need of Christ's love, and the necessity of His friendship and the obligations we owe Him. You can teach all this. You, the mother, knowing all the peculiarities, and weaknesses, and faults, and frailties of the kindred centered in your children, as it may be—the blood, good and bad, gracious and devilish, pure and tainted—the blood of the white-souled saint and the black-hearted sinner running together in the same dear little veins, leaves you a work to do that in magnitude is very great and momentous in its results.

No wonder the wailing cry goes out all over our land, "What shall we do with the busy babies?" The little sprightly creatures, in whose curly heads lie active brains; in whose vigorous forms the blood flows like ruby wine; whose agile feet flit from morning till night; whose bird-like chatter, sweet and cunning as it is, becomes a ceaseless worry and burden to the overtaken mother before sunset. What material for a monument is this! What opportunities, what responsibilities, what beatitudes, what splendors may lie dormant in that little, lithe, winsome creature!—"The angel in the block!"

It is very pleasantly related of Michael Angelo, that he was one time walking with a friend through a village, when they observed a block of rough marble lying in the street at the roadside. A gleam of inspiration flashed into the mind of Angelo, and with bright eyes and heightened color he remarked, "There's an angel in that block." He saw it, while his friend saw only the rough and dirt-stained stone. The marble was taken to his studio, and his patient work transformed that unsightly block into an exquisite and valuable piece of statuary.

Motherhood is a grand and solemn relation. There is a power in the mother's love that can purify and ennoble, and make brave and true, and strong and courageous, the hearts and lives of her beloved children. They may draw inspiration from her words, and deeds, and lessons; they can learn patience from her, and hope, and they will be fresh, and active, and earnest, and their moral natures may become educated up to the ideal that her keen eye and quick perception sees clearly. No disappointed and incomplete life may grow beside the consecrated strength of her own highest resolves and most earnest efforts. God will be with the true mother. He will hear the whispered prayer that goes up from her heart constantly; she will infuse her sanctified zeal

into their very natures, and generations to come will rejoice in the result of her exalted labors, and the success that was as flower and fruitage, after the seed sown in expectant trust.

"Line upon line, and precept upon precept; here a little and there a little;" in due season, if you be patient,

Ye who sow with anxious yearning  
Till the tiny leaflets peep,  
Waiting, watching, patience learning,  
"If ye faint not ye shall reap."

Though the harvest, long delaying,  
Cause you, sorrowing, to weep,  
Still believe the faithful saying,  
"If ye faint not ye shall reap."

Ground now dead and barren seeming,  
Blooming shall awake from sleep,  
For the promise rises beaming,  
"If ye faint not ye shall reap."

Fearless tread the path of duty,  
Joy shall cause your hearts to leap,  
When from fields of golden beauty  
"If ye faint not ye shall reap."

PIPSISSIWAY POTTS.

## The Home Circle.

### THE AGED.

I WAS glad to read the request of some one in a late number of the HOME, that something might be written for the benefit of the aged. Now I have had no experience in the care of older persons, yet I have seen some lives go down to the River of Death so calmly and happily, staying for awhile in the "Land of Beulah," and at last going home as a tired child returns to its father's house at evening-time.

I wanted to tell you, readers, of two such lives that have touched very closely to mine. That of my own grandmother, who went home only a few years ago. She was very old—nearly ninety—when she left us. Four years before she died she was taken very ill, and to the daughter who lived with her she made the request that her "own children might take care of her as long as she lived," thinking that her illness would be very short. But during the four years longer she lived, "mother's" request was kept sacred by her own children. No strangers were called in to help care for her, even when distressing sickness made it needful for two at least to sit by her all the time.

Does not this show that the aged like only to have dear home faces about them, at least when incapable of caring for themselves?

Grandma had been noted for her generous hospitality all her life. Her husband was deacon of the church, and their house was literally a ministers' home. And more than one D. D. to-day recalls with grateful love the generous sympathy and practical aid of Deacon M—and his kind wife. Yet, when the last days came, grandma shrank from strange faces, and wanted her own girls. Her girls—middle-aged women, all of them—cared for her with a tenderness and skill that prolonged the dear life long after it seemed possible she could live.

Some of her girls were widowed, and left with no family cares to tie them to their homes, and they

made it their care to see to mother, taking turns in relieving one another. Those who lived miles away from home went to see her as often as possible; and though not one was what could be called *very* wealthy, yet every wish of mother's was gratified. I said to a neighbor one day: "Every wish of the old lady's is given her." His reply was: "They have humored every whim."

I thought *there* was the secret of her long lingering—not at the last painfully and careworn, but peacefully and gently. "Her whims were humored," not treated with contempt and laughed at, but indulged even as we indulge sick children. During the first of her illness, her mind was strangely affected. She imagined she was away from home—and, oh, it was so distressing to hear her beg to be taken home to her own room. For hours would her nurses stand beside her, tenderly and gently soothing her, never losing patience. And at last, after months of wearing anxiety, they had the happiness of seeing the mood change, and though for a long time she did not know her own children by their right names, they were not as strangers to her. She seemed to have gone back to the days of her girlhood, and one of her own daughters was grandmother to her. It was touching, yet amusing, this phase of her illness. Her own children had changed places; some of them she called by names known to her long ago. But no matter, as long as she was pleased and contented.

After awhile, to the surprise of even her patient nurses, her mind grew clearer, and then came the tarrying in the "Land of Beulah."

I have such a pleasant picture of her in my memory at that time, lying on her neat bed in her large, pleasant room, with the look on her face one sees only in the very young or the very aged—a quiet, rested look. I never realized before what a sweet thing a "second childhood" might be. The house daughter came and sat beside her and told her about her work. The other girls told her little bits of neighborhood



news. The boys—real boys, too, they were—her grandsons, living in the same house, loved to come many times a day and talk with grandma. And if there should be a boy read this article, I want to tell him what this dear old lady said to me about these boys. "They never gave me a saucy word; they never have said, 'I can't' or 'I don't want to' whenever I have asked a favor of them."

Wasn't that a good thing to say of two real wide-awake, fun-loving boys? I was proud of my two boy-cousins then.

It was the custom of one of the grandmother's girls to be one of the watchers, and take care of her nights, and go to her own home and rest days. One of these boys used to drive the horse for his aunt every evening, and often in the morning, for months together. Stormy or pleasant, cold or warm, this was done without grumbling, for it was for grandmother's sake.

Those boys are getting to be almost men now. Do you believe they are sorry to remember their loving service? Boys, remember, if you have aged people in your home, to be respectful to them. Nay, be more than that, give them *loving* service; because, with what measure you mete it shall be meted to you again. It was a pretty sight to see one of those boys helping to move grandma—carefully and surely giving his sturdy help, talking cheerfully and trying to make grandma laugh.

And so passed the last two years of this aged woman. And the end was so peaceful—just as a little one goes to sleep. The daughters beside her could scarcely tell when the last breath was drawn—and no strangers came then. To the very last mother was cared for by her own girls. And when at last her body, borne out in the arms of her own four sons-in-law, was laid in its last resting-place, there were no *bitter tears* shed.

When all returned back to the house, the son who lived with his mother said to those of her daughters who lived far away, and were not beside her to the last: "Mother told me, one day, as I sat beside her, 'Give my love to the girls when they come down.' I knew what she meant—she meant, when you came to her funeral. It is a good time to tell you now."

And those women, still girls to the last to their mother, heard her message with sweet tears.

I wish I could tell you so plainly of the other life, that you could see it in all its goodness and beauty.

"Such a dear old lady. I would be willing to grow as old, if I thought I should look as nice as Grandma C—," I heard a young girl say once.

I asked one who knew the "dear old lady" in her younger days, if she had not been very handsome. "Oh, no, indeed," was the answer, "except her eyes. She was rather plain—but she is *very* handsome now."

All the eighty years and more of her life she has been growing thus. Some of those years were times of hard toil, struggles with poverty, loss—and so many, many years of pain. So many times was she called to part with dear ones—her precious first baby; her noble, manly son; her eldest daughter, in the prime of her life; and then the old lady's husband died, and mother was left a precious charge to the remaining children.

Did she think her work here done, and that she might rest? No, indeed; for what could they do without grandma? All her life she had cared for others, and she had no idea of giving up her work, even though age and sorrow had come to her. Sorrow, did I say; yes, but of the kind that feels 'tis the "Father's hand, not His rod" that gives it.

I used to look at her, as she sat in her own easy-chair, always busy for others, with her silvery hair and white cap, her kindly eyes and pleasant mouth, her pale face lighting up as she spoke, and think of the "peace that passeth understanding."

Grandma's room—everybody and everything that wanted care, pity, or rest, went there. I used to take my tired self, after my day at school, to her lounge to rest and look at her. Grandma's closet was where the children put all their precious treasures—the things they wanted "to keep." Dear baby Gracie (Grace is a young lady now), when she first could run out-doors and pick dandelions, filled the whole floor of the closet with her golden treasures, confident they would keep in grandma's care. Bertie and Willie never went to mother when the buttons came off or ugly tears came in their jackets and trowsers. 'Twas grandma that mended for them; grandma that basted the towels for little Eva to hem; grandma that loved each new baby as it came better (if possible) than the others before it.

And when my baby-girl died, the first time that I saw Grandma C— after it, did she not hold me close to her, and whisper she *knew* all about it. Not a word to tell me to be resigned, the child is better off; only let me cry and tell her how hard and bitter my heart felt, and then she told me all about her own baby. Her baby, old enough (if it had lived) to be my mother. But she seemed to come right down from her years and be right beside me, and help me so, too.

Grandma C— is very near her end in this life now, but patient and loving still; the centre of the family yet; her sons and their wives caring for her tenderly; the grandchildren, some of them grown to manhood, loving her and doing her honor; the little ones, thinking it a privilege to run for grandma, to sit beside her and wait on her—in short, she is the precious charge to them now.

I think the one lesson of her life has been, that caring for others, brings us akin to Him who said: "Bear ye one another's burdens."

I have not written this because I know so much how to care for the aged; but this I do know, that the best rule in our treatment of them, is to do just as we want our dear ones to do by us when we are old. And, surely, if we care for others, if we "fulfill the law of Christ," we shall be cared for ourselves.

VARA.

### "HE LEADETH ME."

HOW some memories cling to the heart through years of change! Among such will be Aunt Maria's recent visit. Death has entered the home of a daughter, removing the husband and father; and, at that daughter's earnest request, her home, where there is "enough and to spare," is henceforth to be the home of Aunt Maria and her husband. So it was the farewell visit; days of mingled pain and pleasure, in which the thought of parting, perhaps never more to meet on earth, cast a shadow over our spirits, softening the heart into tender, retrospective thought. At such times it is that we reverently speak of our past, musing on the mysterious dealings of that Power which shapes our lives, leading us in strange and devious paths—dealings far beyond our weak comprehension.

Dear Aunt Maria! Silver gleams from amid the dark tresses that shade her brow, her feet are entering the path of age; already has she reached calm mountain heights, from which, in valleys far below, free from the mists that once environed them, she views past scenes of joy and sorrow. With her, as with us

all, precious hopes have been blighted, and sweet cups of joy turned to bitter grief ere scarcely tasted. Youth gave promise of a brilliant future—the life-path before her. But, summoned suddenly from the halls of learning to a dying father's side, from that hour all was changed; long cherished plans were swept away as fallen leaves before November winds, and her feet set in another and widely different path—a pathway paved with duty to remaining dear ones, and hedged about on either side by solemn promises to that dying parent.

Years passed; the time came when of two life-paths one must be chosen, and if the choice were wisely made, only He who "sees the end from the beginning" can tell. Cares and trials pressed thickly about, until the poor heart was tempted to question; but, through all, the blessed assurance that "all things work together for good to them that love God" was a support and comfort, and in many ways has it been given her to realize its truth. Looking back on those early days, having, through the experience of years, come to know herself, she feels that in no other way, perhaps, than through adversity and self-denial, could the proud spirit have been held in check; that prosperity and fame might have proven the soul's ruin. Of the after-life, perhaps its stern discipline was the best, the surest way of refining the ore until the pure gold only remained—the only means of moulding the character to beautiful completeness; perhaps for others her influence was the one restraining, saving power, the work one that none beside could do. So, trusting that it is a Father's wise and loving hand that led her on and leads her still, she goes forth to new scenes and duties, strong in the earnest purpose to bless the lives of others. Trusting that Heavenly Father's love, striving to live aright, and looking forward to a home of endless rest within that future where not a throb of pain shall pierce the heart, it cannot but be well with her at last.

"God's ways are not our ways," but always best ways. Many a snare and pitfall may be escaped through being led in paths not of our own choosing.

"He leadeth me! oh, blessed thought!  
Oh, words with heavenly comfort fraught!  
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,  
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me!"

Then, let us murmur not, though the way seem dark and rough; let us "do with our might" each duty that cometh to our hand; let us take courage and faithfully labor on, though our work seem trivial, fruitless—though eternity only reveal the work that we have done. GLADDYS WAYNE.

### WOMAN'S WORK.

**I**N the present season of "hard times," and failures, and scarcity of work, those families suffer least where the mother was early trained to business habits, and to turn her hand to some money-getting craft.

One neighbor saw her husband out of employment and her pretty home mortgaged, and no seeming chance for the tide to turn in time to save the property she had done much to improve. She pondered much over the question as to what she could do to avert the evil and support her family.

"There is money enough about if one only knew how to earn it."

Finally she settled on the question of bread. She was an excellent baker. Many of the factory people

in the place bought all their bread; and everybody likes home-made bread better than "baker's bread." She made ten loaves, and left them for sale at the factory store. They went off directly, and her business was fairly started. She continued the work with steadily increasing success, and now has a large trade in home-made bread, cakes and pies. The home is paid for, and looks as pleasant in front, with its shaded porch and roses, as if no big baking operations were going on in its spotless kitchen. From being a slender, delicate woman, the work has broadened her chest and strengthened her muscles; and she has lost nothing of her former refinement by this very womanly work.

Any of us who buy bread, even occasionally, would much prefer to have a woman's hands mould the loaves to having the work intrusted to a sturdy German with the stump of a pipe in his mouth.

All cannot enter the same line of business, but a sharp woman, not above work, may, by casting about, find some paying employment which will help to keep the wolf from the door until these calamitous times are past. Mothers, too, will see the value of early business training for their growing girls.

ELSIE.

### FROM MY CORNER.

No. 28.

**I** HAVE a pleasant page to write to-day of another little "bright spot" in my life. Something so new and different this time from anything I have known for years. I have been to visit a friend who lives miles away in the country, and who, after much entreaty, persuaded me that I was well enough now to venture that distance from home. My pleasure began with an hour's ride on the cars, the first I had enjoyed for many years. Oh! the delight of whirling away once more through green fields and tangled woods draped with vines; past farm-houses, that rushed by us before we had a good look at them; over bridges that swept under us all too quickly for my wondering eyes. It was certainly a change from the usual quiet of my life.

The lovely afternoon was drawing to a close, and its lengthening shadows enhanced the beauty of the scenery, as picture after picture of the changing landscape passed in quick succession. Almost dizzied with the constant motion, and the looking at such swiftly-passing objects; listening to the busy chat of an old friend we met on the cars, whom I had not seen for a long time; hearing the constant whirr of the rolling wheels beneath me, I felt in a kind of maze, and hardly knew who or where I was, when the engine gave its shrill scream, and the train stopped at a little town. My escort informed me we had reached our destination, and we hurried off the car, leaving our friend to be whirled away to a distant city.

There is something very fascinating to me about a locomotive and its train of cars. It is so like some huge, living, breathing creature, full of life and power of its own. Then to think it can be guided and controlled by the touch of one man's hand, seems almost incredible.

The friend I was to visit met me at the railroad depot with a buggy, and after a short rest took me to her home, about a mile distant in the country. I was warmly received by her husband and children. Two young girls, now nearly grown, who used to be great pets of mine as children, when they lived in

our town a few years ago; and the only son, his mother's pride, just grown to manhood, an energetic young farmer, and the life of the home circle when the day's work is over. Here I saw and learned the real enjoyment of farm life. The little cottage was a very sweet and home-like place. Busy hands kept it in order, and cheerful voices made music in some part of it throughout the day. Each one had their allotted task, which was briskly and cheerily done; and then the girls had their books, and flowers, and vines, and their pretty fancy work for home ornamentation; all of which I must see and be interested in.

It was a new thing to me to be wakened early in the morning by so much life and stir, and scent the sweet, fresh air, laden with dew and rife with all the sounds of a farm-house neighborhood. It was a lovely place. From the front-door a view of the farm lay spread before us like a map. The house and grounds immediately surrounding it were on a ridge, and just across the road lay the fields of low-land, rich in cotton, corn and other grain, stretching far away in the distance, and threaded through the centre by a narrow stream, whose banks my eye could only follow by the belt of trees along its margin. Here the girls gathered beautiful grasses for my winter bouquets, and delicate ferns, which I pressed for ornamental work.

One day, when all the rest of the family happened to be away from the house, my friend asked me if I would be afraid to stay alone a few minutes, while she could take an important message to her husband in the fields. I knew nothing to be afraid of, and told her so, though I felt it a strange position to be in. I sat at the window and watched her through the gates and across the lane down a gently sloping meadow, until she reached the creek, whose wooded banks hid her from view. Then a strange feeling came over me. I was alone with nature and nature's God—no human being within call, and the only sounds those of the wild birds in the forest-trees, and the occasional tinkle of a distant bell, from the cattle, grazing in the neighborhood. The house had been lately built, and only a small space of ground was yet cleared around it, so I had full opportunity for seeing and enjoying nature in her wild beauty and loveliness. On one side a wild grape-vine had clambered into a large tree, and was drooping its graceful branches, laden with the green fruit, toward the ground. On the other hand, the prettiest object I saw was a trumpet-flower, which ran riotously over a clump of alder bushes, and reached its arms, bright with orange-colored blossoms, into a young maple. Near by, in an old oak, a pair of cat-birds were teasing their young ones to fly.

Soon my friend returned with hands full of long, trailing sprays of wild morning-glory and convolvulus, which she found in the field as she came along, and after putting them in water, went about her dinner. The beautiful and the practical are closely combined in her life. She will sit down of a morning and make a lovely little picture of ferns, bright leaves and lichens, and after it is finished go and prepare a dinner worthy of the most thoroughgoing farmer's wife in the land. I had a most pleasurable visit of two weeks in that country neighborhood.

Another friend, a mile away, sent her buggy for me, and my drive through the "forest primeval" was one to be long remembered. The tall giant oaks, in some places, locked their arms across the road, and the maples and ashes, made me think of the old Kentucky woods I used to see when a child. In one place we passed a woodman felling trees for the saw-mill near by. His axe rang out clear on the silent air,

and the groans of the poor, noble old oak, as its trunk was severed and torn apart, seemed so human-like, that I could not but feel sad to hear them.

I found my friend in a little nest of a cottage, among fine old trees, and a garden which was brilliant with many-hued flowers. There, also, I had a delightful visit; every one—as at the place I first visited—endeavoring to do all they could for my comfort and enjoyment. Here, too, the farm, with its fields stretching far away in the distance, was a lovely picture. Whole acres looked smooth as a floor, covered with a green or yellow carpet; and I enjoyed watching the sheep and lambs grazing in one of the meadows each morning.

Time flew very swiftly during these days, and soon the day came for my return. I had feasted on fresh milk, cream and cottage-cheese, until my friends declared I was fatter than when I came, and that the trip had done me so much good, that I must make another before long. I returned home laden with floral treasures. One friend gave me a double pink fish-geranium, another a hanging basket filled with growing ferns, and the girls gave me a collection of bright-colored leaves, pressed and varnished last fall, to ornament picture-frames.

I have had much to tell mother and Lizzie since I came home, and it will give me many pleasant thoughts for weeks. I have already written so much about it here, that it has crowded all other things out, for now I must say good-bye, hoping that many who read this page will have just as pleasant a visit in the country this summer.

LICHEN.

#### A GOOD EXAMPLE.

"THERE is Mrs. Hunt going by with her two children," said Mrs. Talcott. "See how neatly and tastefully they are dressed. And yet that woman has next to nothing on which to clothe them. I always feel inspired, when I see her go past, to overhaul my own resources, these hard times, and see what I can do to make the children comfortable out of what I have in hand, rather than sit down and fret because I cannot buy what I need. Look at little Lucy. What a cunning little white hood, just the style this season; and how nicely the blue suit, with white fur border, suits with it. I am curious to know how she came by the fur. Should not wonder if it was a white cat's skin. That woman is equal to anything. I knew some girls who raised a family of unsuspecting black cats to make into a pair of muffs, and they looked pretty, too. Now, that dress of Mrs. Hunt's is a faded old dress or two, dyed black by her own art, and made into a full suit. The fringe on her long coat once did duty on a green parasol. She often earns a half-dollar or two by dyeing coats, and dresses, and sashes for other people; and she does it as well as the regular dyers. Her husband's earnings are small, but they furnish them with food and shelter, with a small margin for clothes—but her science does the rest. No one but those in the secret would ever imagine that her good style of dressing was the result of so much pinching, patching, and turning, and dyeing. She always appears a well-dressed woman, and her children never look shabby.

"I am sure I honor her labor and skill, and have taken many a good practical lesson from her. Now, Hattie, while the subject is before us, let us just reconsider that question of cutting over the old cloak into a coat for you and Lizzie. I feel just like it this afternoon, and if Mrs. Hunt can do so much out of so little, I know I can do something with all the good cloth in that garment."

ELLA.

## LAY SERMON.

No. 5.

## OUR BOYS.

Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to Thy word.—Ps. cxix, 9.

**N**OTING the conduct of many of the young men of our day, and allowing that the natural human heart is much the same in all ages, it does not seem remarkable that the word *cleanse* should be used to specify in what way a young man should improve his walk and conversation. The manners of many of our growing youth, investing them like garments, are justly comparable to crumpled, dingy, unclean ones.

The remedy for this state of affairs is pointed out in the answer to the question. Following the direction here given will not affect the religious capacity only—though religion in the heart does work outward to the external improvement—it will elevate the little, everyday actions, the manners, both abroad and at home.

Let us suppose that a young man, whether of greater or less intelligence and worth, should begin to take heed to his ways according to the Lord's words. Then slowly and surely, as the grass grows brighter and greener, would his example grow nobler and purer.

He heeds the exhortation, "Let your moderation be known unto all men;" and the rude, uncouth swagger insensibly tones down to a gentle, modest bearing. "Be clothed with humility," conveys to him a literal as well as a spiritual meaning, and the flashy garb makes way for quiet and simple attire. "Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be always acceptable in Thy sight," impresses him deeply, and his language becomes subdued and chaste, unmarred by exaggeration and improper and profane remark, while the trashy, demoralizing literature is thrown aside, and a higher taste and order of thought cultivated. "Evil communications corrupt good manners," appeals to his judgment, and common associates are dropped, and fitting society is sought. "Whatever, therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God," startles him, and the tobacco and cigars and liquors are discarded, creating a clean, unperverted mouth, pure breath and healthy system. "In honor preferring one another," lingers in his memory, and the supercilious, contemptuous behavior toward women gives place to chivalrous, courtly deference. "Bear ye one another's burdens," sinks into his heart, and the careless, thoughtless indifference to the feelings of the weak, the sensitive, the suffering, is replaced by an active, considerate, tender regard. "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them," presents to him the picture of a perfect gentleman, and all meanness, self-conceit and predilections toward betraying confidences are rooted out, to make room for the growth of a noble manhood, and a deep sense of honor worthy of sacred trust.

This is not the young man who stands at street-corners, making remarks about ladies who pass; who affects a showy style; who boasts of his conquests, indulges in coarse stories, and jokes, and oaths; whose imagination delights itself in low scenes and actions; who frequents race-courses and gambling-saloons; who dissipates time, and health, and money; who is impertinent or patronizing toward his woman relatives and acquaintances; who allows an old, ill-dressed woman to stand in a crowded car,

teases children and scoffs at the afflicted; who makes free with women's names and trifles with women's affections. No. First of all, he respects himself and his own character as a gentleman, and feels that wherever he is, and with whomsoever he is, that character must be maintained; that, as his mind is symmetrical and harmonious, so must its outward expression be; loveliness and beauty have a far-reaching significance, extending to his conversation and thoughts, so his tongue speaks and his heart cherishes truth and purity; needing, as he does, constant encouragement in his upward career, whatever tends to retard it must be shunned; as he is responsible for his personal well-being, he incurs condemnation by injuring it in any form; a woman to him is a woman simply by virtue of her womanhood, and as such, whatever else she may be, demands from him respectful, generous regard; those less favored than himself are none the less God's children, and his fellow-beings, so needing his kind remembrance; safely, sacredly, in the "clean hands and pure heart" of him "who hath not lifted up his soul to vanity nor sworn deceitfully," a woman may trust her honor.

How delightful it would be if in every home there was such a brother. See how good he is to his mother—how carefully he attends to her comfort, how obligingly he executes her little commissions, how politely he puts on his sisters' cloaks and rubbers; how kindly he takes his younger brothers sight-seeing; how thoughtfully he brings home books and games for the little ones; how tastefully he hangs pictures, arranges decorations and attends the garden; how gracefully he escorts the ladies of his own family, as much so as those of some other; how careful, how respectful, how charitable he is in his allusions to his girl acquaintances. He puts his heart in all he does. Wherever he may go, he will be eminently successful. His character will gain him confidence, real friends will gather round to help him, the poor and the sorrowful will hail him as a benefactor and comforter, his own family will be proud to own him, and it is for such a one that a true woman counts no sacrifice too great, no work too hard, no suffering too intense, no poverty too narrow. It may be safely said that his sweetness and purity are fairly comparable to woman's.

No, dear boys, he is not effeminate. Womanly, perhaps, I grant you—the nearer man approaches woman in refinement, the nearer he approaches perfection—but there is nothing in gentleness and delicacy incompatible with true manliness. His naturally fine qualities of mind will be enhanced, his lack of them compensated by his attractive bearing. The tree is none the less sheltering because it is graceful; the wall is none the less strong because it is wreathed with ivy; the cataract is none the less grand because its waters are brilliant and sparkling; the wind is none the less mighty because its tones keep perfect harmony. Romance, poetry and history give us shining examples of the union of masculine strength and feminine loveliness. Sir Galahad was the noblest and bravest of King Arthur's Round Table, yet he is called the "maiden knight." Chevalier Bayard was a valiant warrior, but he is chiefly known as being in a dissolute age and court, "without fear and without reproach." The Arabs are a wild, bold, lawless people, yet the most exalted designation any tribe can confer upon one of their number is, "brother to young girls." And our Saviour Himself, though He heroically endured all that fiendish malice could heap upon Him, invariably treated the innocent, the weak, the straying, with more than womanly tenderness.



It is not such men who make women's hearts ache. Not such bring dreariness, desolation and disgrace into happy homes. The world cannot rise to its true elevation until, countless as the stars, sublime as the ocean, glorious as a company of saints in their white robes, a mighty host of the "pure in heart" advances, leading, counseling, upholding humanity, as it presses onward in the "path" "that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

MARGARET B. HARVEY.

### WELCOME TO SUMMER.

(See Engraving.)

**W**E will welcome glowing summer,  
With her rose-crowned, waving hair;  
Bright and verdure-robed new-comer,  
Scattering beauty everywhere.

When she comes, each gorgeous flower  
Richer, sweeter perfume yields;  
Waving trees their cool shades dower;  
Cattle dot the rolling fields.

Softly float the gentle breezes,  
Billowing through the bending wheat;  
Every care the soul releases,  
All earth whispers, "Life is sweet!"

So, we welcome glowing summer,  
With her rose-crowned, waving hair;  
Bright and verdure-crowned new-comer,  
Scattering beauty everywhere. M. B. H.

### GIFTS.

"**A**UNT RHODA, you surely do not intend to wear that thing?"  
"Most certainly I do," as I pinned around my neck a plain muslin collar, cut by an obsolete pattern, and stitched with uneven stitches, as if by fingers accustomed to the use of heavier tools than a needle.  
"Said collar, so uncouth-looking to my dainty niece, was to me a 'thing of beauty.' It was the gift of a poor woman, to whom I had shown a neighborly kindness, and she had thought, in this way, to show her appreciation of it. The feeling that prompted

the little gift was just as pure and sweet as if the collar had been woven of costliest lace. I think the true value of a gift should be measured not by its intrinsic worth, but by the depth and purity of the feeling which prompts it.

As a token of affection or kindly feeling, what would otherwise be worthless or seem coarse, is thus made to appear lovely to us. We look beyond the real material to the beautiful thought which spiritualizes it. If we have means we can buy rich goods, but real, old-fashioned affection must spring spontaneously from the heart. It can no more be bought with gold than we can sow the shining metal in the earth, and hope to reap therefrom a harvest of sunbeams, or sow thistles with a thought of gathering in due time a bouquet of pinks or roses. So, let us cherish the little things as the daintiest and sweetest, for they are without price, while rich offerings often conceal within their shining folds the thorns of envy or jealousy. R.

### A SUNDAY-MORNING WALK.

**W**E walked together down the lane,  
And talked about the clover,  
And wondered if the clouds held rain,  
That hung the horizon over.  
We saw the robin flying down  
To find, in last year's stubble,  
Some bit of moss, or twig of brown,  
As free as we from trouble.

I know not if the Sabbath day  
Threw such a sweet spell around us;  
Or words we longed, yet feared to say,  
In their sweet influence bound us.  
I know not how it came about,  
But in that spring-time weather  
Our hearts at last spoke bravely out,  
As we walked on together.

I cannot tell you what I said,  
Nor what her answer to me;  
I only know that overhead  
A bird sang, "Woo me! woo me!"  
As we walked home from church that day,  
My heart kept singing over,  
"The sweetest time of life is May  
For happy bird and lover."

EBEN E. REXFORD.

## Housekeepers' Department.

### RELATIVE DUTIES OF HUSBAND AND WIFE IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

"**A** MAN has no business," says Miss Muloch, "to meddle in the management of a house. No business, except through hard necessity, or the saddest incompetency on the part of others, to poke over the weekly bills, and insist on knowing what candles are a pound, whether the washing is done at home or abroad, and what he is going to have every day for dinner." And she gives it as her opinion that he who voluntarily and habitually interferes with these things must be a rather small-minded gentleman, and one who is uncommonly inconvenient to his servants and family. A married lady once said in her hearing, speaking with glee and satisfac-

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tion: "Oh! Mr. — saves me all trouble in house-keeping; he orders dinner, and goes to the butcher's to choose it, too; pays all the bills and keeps the weekly account; he never wants me to do anything." On which she remarks: "Thought I, my dear, if I were you, I should be very much ashamed both of myself and Mr. —."

Remarking on the relative duties of husband and wife in the management of household affairs, Miss Muloch says: "When a house boasts of both master and mistress, each should leave to the other the appointed work, and both qualify themselves rightly to fulfill the same, abstaining as much as possible from mutual interference. A man who can trust his wife or his housekeeper should no more meddle with her home concerns than she should pester him with

questions about business. No doubt, countless occasions will arise when he will be thankful and glad to take counsel with her in worldly cares, while she may have to remember all her life long, and never think of, without a gush of gratitude and love, some season of sickness or affliction, when he filled his own place, and hers, too, ashamed of no womanish task, and neither irritated nor humiliated by ever such mean household cares.

"A lady of my acquaintance gives it as her *sine qua non* of domestic felicity, that the 'men of the family' should always be absent at least six hours in the day. And, truly, a mistress of a family, however strong her affection for the male members of it, cannot but acknowledge that this is a great boon. A house where 'papa' or the 'boys' are always 'pottering about,' popping in and out at all hours, everlastingly wanting something, or finding fault with something else, is a considerable trial to even feminine patience. And I beg to ask my sex generally—in confidence, of course—if it is not the greatest possible comfort when the masculine half of the family being cleared out for the day, the house settles down into regular work and orderly quietness until evening?

"Also, it is good for them, as well as for us, to have all the inevitable petty domestic 'bothers' got over in their absence, to effect which ought to be one of the principal aims of the mistress of a family. Let them, if possible, return to a quiet, smiling home, with all its petty annoyances brushed away like the dust and cinders from the grate—which, *en passant*, is one of the first requisites to make a fireside look comfortable. It might be as well, too, if the master himself could contrive to leave the worldly mud of the day at the scraper outside his door.

"But she who, the minute an unfortunate man comes home, fastens upon him with a long tale of domestic grievances, real or imagined—how the butcher will never bring the meat in time, and how the baker keeps a false account of loaves—how she is sure cook is given to drink, and that Mary's 'cousin' had his dinner off 'our' mutton yesterday; why, such a lady deserves all she gets—cold looks, sharp speeches, hasty plunges into convenient newspaper; perhaps an angry cigar—a walk with no invitation for her company—or the club. Poor little woman! sitting crying over her lonely fire, not owning that she is wrong, but only that she is very unhappy, and very much ill-used, might one recommend to her notice our Golden Rule: 'Never pester a man with things that he cannot remedy and does not understand?' Also, for her own benefit, as well as his, a harmless rhyme, true enough of minor vexations, whatever it may be of the greater griefs it so philosophically disposes of:

"For every evil under the sun  
There is a remedy—or there's none.  
If there is one, try and find it;  
If there is isn't, never mind it."

"And when he comes in again, honest man! perhaps a little repentant, too, there is but one course of conduct which I recommend to all sensible women, viz., to put her arms about his neck and—hold her tongue.

"But the house-mother has her troubles; aye, be she ever so gifted with that blessed quality of taking them lightly and cheerfully, weighing them at their just value, and no more; never tormenting herself and everybody else by that peculiarity of selfish and narrow minds, which makes the breaking of a plate as terrible a calamity as the crash of an empire. No one can hold the reins of family government for ever so brief a time, without feeling what a difficult posi-

tion it is; how great its daily need of self-control, as the very means of controlling others; of incessant individual activity, and a personal carrying out of all regulations instituted for the ordering of the establishment, which, unless faithfully observed by the mistress—the eye and heart of the house—are no more than a dead letter to the rest of the establishment."

#### MRS. LEE'S WAY.

"MY dear, excuse me," said one lady to another, sitting by her side, in the familiar chat of a morning sewing-circle, "you have on that pretty dress, and it is fresh and bright as ever, while mine is so faded out I cannot wear it. You know we bought those cambrics off the same piece, when we were shopping together."

"Yes, I remember very well."

"What makes the difference? Yours has been washed, has it not?"

"Oh, yes, several times."

"Well, I don't see how it is. Sarah washes and irons very nicely."

"Perhaps she is not quite as careful about dresses as my girl is. There are different ways. What is hers?"

"I'm sure I don't know. How does your Katy wash them?"

"I own I am particular about dresses," said Mrs. Lee, pleasantly, "and sometimes remind her of my way. In the first place, I always have them washed in clean water—never after anything else—the soap put into the water but *not rubbed on*; then a thorough rinsing, and the dress *turned inside out, and dried in the shade*. I think this point very important. The sun fades more than washing. Sometimes, when a color is at all doubtful, Katy puts a little salt in the rinsing-water, but usually my dresses wash very well without it. Drying in the shade is a great part of the secret."

"I don't believe Sarah does that; in fact, now I think of it, I remember having often seen a dress on the line in the full blaze of an August day. She won't like it, though, if I say anything. She is not as good-tempered as your girl."

"Oh, I do not believe she would take offense at that. Girls dislike what seems like constantly watching and distrusting them; but not a pleasant reminder. It pays to look after these things a little; and, excuse me, if I add, it seems to me that we ought, for our girls' own sakes, to teach them the very best ways of doing their work that we ourselves can commend. They will never regret it in after years."

"That's true enough," answered the friend, heartily, "I never thought of it before; but, poor creatures, when they become wives and mothers, and are overburdened and worn down, as they generally are, it must be often a help to understand the quickest and best way. I will not forget your suggestions, either as to my cambrics or Sarah's good." M. O. J.

#### RECIPES.

THE following recipes are from the "Household Department" of the *American Agriculturist*:

YEAST.—"Mrs. C.," of Hawley, Minn., finding the preparation of the yeast, in providing bread for a large family, to be no little labor, has simplified the matter as follows: "When the potatoes are boiled for dinner, I pour the water in which they have been cooked into a pitcher, setting it aside to cool. By the time dinner is over it is about the proper heat. I then

add a tablespoonful each of sugar, salt and flour, mix together thoroughly, and pour this into the yeast-jar, which, of course, has left in it some of the old yeast. In this way I have always fresh, good yeast on hand, with comparatively no trouble." This is not very definite as to quantities—of course, it refers to water from peeled potatoes; but the plan of adding fresh materials to the yeast-jar is a good one.

**BEAN SOUP.**—A friend recommends this as the best: Soak the beans over night. Boil three hours, or until very soft. Strain them through a colander and, after placing the soup again over the fire to heat, but not to boil more than a minute, season for one pint of beans as follows: One teaspoonful each of sugar and salt, half teaspoonful pepper, teacupful of milk, one tablespoonful of butter, and one beaten egg.

**POTTED HAM.**—In warm weather it is difficult to keep ham that has been cut. The following plan is safe and good: Cut all that will make good slices, and fry as for the table. Lay the pieces close and even in a stone jar, packing them snugly and pressing them

down. Pour all the hot fat over them, to fill the spaces and exclude air. Lay a plate over the top with a stone upon it. Keep in a cool, dry place, and you will find it nice and convenient all through warm weather. When wanted for the table, lay slices in the frying-pan, and only heat them through without more cooking. Be careful to keep the top of the jar covered carefully, so that flies may never gain an entrance.

**HOW TO BAKE A HAM.**—A good way to cook a ham is to bake it. Soak about twelve hours. Wash very clean, trimming away any rusty parts. Wipe dry, and cover the part not protected with skin, with a paste or dough made of flour and hot water. Lay in a dripping-pan, with the paste-covered side upwards, with enough water to keep it from burning. Bake until a fork pierces it easily, allowing about twenty-five minutes to each pound of the ham. Baste occasionally with the drippings, to prevent the crust of paste from cracking off. When done, peel off this crust and remove the skin of the ham. It may be served as it is, or it may be glazed.

## Health Department.

### FOOD FOR THE SICK.

THE nurse has, in most cases, a great deal more to do with the recovery of the sick than the doctor. Few things retard convalescence like improper or badly-cooked food. To know, therefore, how to feed a patient after an attack of exhausting disease, is a most important acquisition. The following suggestions in regard to diet are taken from a little book of "Plain Directions for the Cure of the Sick," written by an intelligent physician of Philadelphia, who has under his medical supervision several of our charitable institutions:

**COMMON ERRORS IN REGARD TO DIET—BEEF-TEA.**—Florence Nightingale says, on this subject, that one of the most common errors among women in charge of the sick, respecting sick diet, is the belief that beef-tea is the most *nutritive* of all articles. "Now, just try," she says, "and boil down a pound of beef into beef-tea, evaporate the water, and see what is left of your beef. You will find that there is barely a teaspoonful of solid nourishment to half a pint of water in beef-tea." There is, nevertheless, a certain nutritive value in it, as there is in tea; we do not know what. It may safely be given in almost any inflammatory disease, but it should never be alone depended upon, especially where much nourishment is needed.

**EGGS OR STEAK.**—Again, it is an ever-ready saying, "that an egg is equivalent to a pound of meat," whereas it is not so at all. Much trouble has occurred from this mistaken notion. It is a question whether, weight for weight, eggs are *equal* to beef-steak. Also, it is seldom noticed with how many patients, particularly of nervous or bilious temperament, eggs disagree. Most puddings made with eggs are distasteful to them in consequence.

**MEAT WITHOUT VEGETABLES.**—Again, if the patient is able to eat meat, it is supposed that to give him meat is the only thing needful for his recovery; whereas, scorbutic (scurvy) sores have been actually known to appear among sick persons living in the midst of plenty, which could be traced to no other

source than this—namely, that the nurse, depending on meat *alone*, had allowed the patient to be without vegetables for a considerable time, these latter being so badly cooked that he always left them untouched. To all intents and purposes, he really had no fresh vegetables at all.

**MILK, BUTTER, CREAM, ETC.**—Milk, and the preparation from milk, are most important articles of food for the sick. Butter is the lightest kind of animal fat, and though it wants the sugar and some of the other elements which exist in milk, yet it is most valuable both in itself as fat, and enabling the patient to eat more bread.

**ALBUMEN.**—The reason of it is just this: Animals require in their food an albuminous constituent, a starchy one, and another of fat. The first, or albuminous (the purest form of which is the white of an egg), enters largely into the formation of the human body, the muscles being chiefly composed of it.

**SUGAR.**—The second, or starchy component, does not enter into the structure of the body as such, but is converted into sugar during digestion, and has much to do with the formation of the tissues and heat.

**OILS.**—The oily parts enter largely into the composition of the brain, nerves, and, in fact, all other portions of the body, and when broken up and consumed, supply a good portion of the fuel for heat of the body.

**BUTTER WANTED WITH BREAD.**—To feel assured of this, if the reader thinks a moment, he will remember that no one likes bread alone, but wants some butter with it, which supplies the oily part, and the appetite craves, too, a piece of meat, cheese, or an egg—the albuminous part. We want butter with our rice or potatoes, because rice or potato is almost pure starch, and wanting in fatty matter; so nature says we must *add* the wanting parts.

**FOOD MUST HAVE IN IT WHAT THE SYSTEM WANTS.**—As all food which properly sustains man must contain these principles, it will be readily seen that those vegetable substances which are composed of but one of them, or even two, cannot *alone* support

life. Experience confirms this view. Oils or fat are useful as oils or fat, but cannot supply the place of starch or sugar; nor can starch or sugar supply the place of albumen or flesh.

**VARIETY IN FOOD.**—To obtain all these needful constituents, we must seek a *variety* in our food, and not depend exclusively upon any single one for continued use. There are some apparent exceptions to this rule, as in the case of milk, which we know is capable, under certain circumstances, of sustaining life for a length of time; but the exception is only apparent when we examine into the matter.

**BULK OF FOOD.**—An almost universal error among nurses is in the bulk of the food, and especially the quantity of the drinks, they offer to their patients. Suppose a patient is ordered four ounces of liquid during the day, how is he to take this if you make it into four pints by diluting it? The same with tea, and beef-tea, with arrow-root, milk, etc. You have not increased the *nourishment*; you have not increased the renovating power of these articles by increasing their *bulk*; you have very likely *diminished* both by giving the patient's digestion *more* to do, and most likely of all, the patient will leave half of what he has been ordered to take, because he cannot swallow the bulk with which you have been pleased to invest it. It requires very nice observation and care (and meets with hardly any) to determine what will not be too thick or too strong for the patient to take, while giving him no more than the bulk which he is able to swallow.

**MILK.**—Milk has these necessary articles in suitable proportion, more than any other food, perhaps, in general use. It has the starchy part advanced a step into the shape of sugar, the albuminous part as the cheesy constituent, and the fatty as the creamy element. Hence, milk might be taken as a sort of representative diet, and better adapted to sustain the body in health, or to strengthen it in sickness, than any single article of food.

**FLOUR.**—Flour made from wheat, meal from oats or Indian corn, grits, etc., come next in order, perhaps, and stand at the head of the list of all articles of food grown for general consumption. Food of the above description is made up chiefly of starch, some albumen (under the form of gluten), and a certain amount of oil. Hence, bread made of flour may well be called the "staff of life;" because, from containing these elements, it is capable of supporting life by itself, for a longer time than any other single article of food, excepting milk, as mentioned above. But though containing these essential elements of life, yet flour, without the addition of albuminous or oily matter, to a certain degree, cannot long *properly* sustain the human body.

**FLOUR BETTER THAN CORN-STARCH.**—If flour cannot nourish the body in a proper manner, it will at once be seen that corn-starch, arrow-root, tapioca, and the like, which are nothing but pure forms of starch, made by washing away the oily and glutinous (albuminous) parts, cannot *possibly* be expected, when used alone, to afford more than a limited amount of nourishment; not, of course, as much as food prepared from flour, which has in it the deficient articles. Not only is flour more nutritive than arrow-root, or any preparation of starch, but it is less liable to ferment, and, as a rule, it should be preferred whenever it can be used.

**USEFUL ARTICLES OF FOOD.**—Do not misunderstand what is meant. None of these articles, com-

pared with flour, are spoken of as *useless* to the body; but some preparations for the sick must be more useful than others, because they contain more of the elements of usefulness, in the shape of albumen, starch, oil, etc.

**CREAM BETTER THAN MILK.**—From what has been previously said, it will be seen that milk, when it agrees with the digestion, may be one of the most valuable articles we have to restore the sick, and in many chronic diseases cream will be found superior even to milk, because of its richness in those parts the system most requires. Even although not as digestible to some people, it is less apt than milk to turn acid in the stomach. It is often beneficial to dyspeptics and convalescents, taken alone or diluted with water. Unless there is something to contraindicate it, as an irritable condition of the digestive tract, mush made of Indian meal, if suggested to the patient, is often an acceptable change, and there are few things, in every sense of the word, more nutritious than mush; and cream, or mush and milk.

Cream seems to act in the same manner as beef-tea is generally understood to act, and to most persons it is much easier of digestion than milk. In fact, it seldom disagrees.

**CHEESE.**—Cheese is not usually digestible by the sick, but it is good nourishment for repairing waste; and physicians constantly see the sick desiring it, which craving shows how much it is needed by them.

**SOUR MILK.**—But, if fresh milk is so valuable a food for the sick, the least sourness in it makes it, of all articles, perhaps, the most injurious; diarrhea is a common result of fresh milk allowed to become at all sour. The nurse, therefore, ought to exercise the utmost care in this. Yet if you consider that the only drop of real nourishment in your patient's tea is the drop of milk—and how much almost all patients depend upon their tea—you will see the great importance of not depriving your patient of this drop of milk.

**BUTTERMILK.**—Buttermilk, a totally different thing, is often very useful, especially in fevers, if it can be procured fresh.

**INTELLIGENT CRAVINGS OF THE SICK FOR PARTICULAR ARTICLES OF DIET.**—In the diseases produced by bad food, such as scorbutic dysentery and diarrhea, the patient's stomach often craves for and digests things, some of which certainly would be laid down in no dietary that ever was invented for the sick, and especially not for such sick. These are pickles, jams, gingerbread, fat of bacon, suet, cheese, buttermilk. These cases, says Florence Nightingale, I have seen not by ones, nor by tens, but by hundreds. And the patient's stomach was right and the book was wrong. The articles craved for, in these cases, might have been principally arranged under the two heads of fat and vegetable acids.

There is often a marked difference between men and women in this matter of sick feeding. Women's digestion is generally slower.

**SWEET THINGS.**—In laying down rules of diet, by the amounts of a "solid nutriment" in different kinds of food, it is constantly lost sight of what the patient requires to repair his waste, what he can take and what he cannot. You cannot diet a patient from a book; you cannot make up the human body as you would make up a prescription, and say so many parts "carboniferous" and so many parts "nitrogenous" will constitute a perfect diet for the patient.

**PATIENT'S "FANCIES" FOR FOOD.**—The nurse's observation here will materially assist the doctor; the



patient's "fancies" will materially assist the nurse. For instance, sugar is one of the most nutritive of all articles, and is particularly recommended in some books. But the vast majority of all patients, young and old, male and female, rich and poor, hospital and private, dislike sweet things. A person may take to sweets when he is ill who dislikes them when he is well, and many fond of them when in health, will in sickness leave off everything sweet, even to sugar in tea. Sweet puddings, sweet drinks, are their aversion. The furred tongue almost always likes what is sharp or pungent. Scorbutic (scurvy) patients are an exception; they often crave for sweetmeats and jams.

To watch for the opinions, then, which the patient's stomach gives, rather than to read "analyses of foods,"

is the business of all those who have to settle what the patient is to eat—perhaps the most important thing to be provided for him, after the air he is to breathe.

Now, the medical man who sees the patient only once a day, or even only once or twice a week, cannot possibly tell this without the assistance of the patient himself, or of those who are in constant observation of the patient. The utmost the medical man can tell is whether the patient is weaker or stronger at this visit than he was at the last visit. The most important office of the nurse, after she has taken care of the patient's air, is to take care to observe the effect of his food, and report it to the medical attendant.

## Evenings with the Poets.

### SILENT.

**I** WILL not speak. For ever from old days  
Another voice assails him: shall mine come  
To break that perfect music? Make me dumb,  
God, who art merciful! and of Thy grace  
Keep my lips silent. I have heard him praise  
Her speech as sweet as late bird singing home,  
And soft as on far shore breaks the spent foam,  
Tender as twilight's peace on woodland ways.  
I serve his pleasure, wait with ears attent;  
Indeed, it well befits me to be meek.  
His joy is past, his fortune has been spent,  
And I—he found me when he turned to seek,  
In place of bliss, some pale and dull content—  
I will be faithful, but I will not speak.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON,  
*In Lippincott's Magazine.*

### THE FOUNDLING.

**T**HERE'S the glimmer of dew on the bending  
grass;  
There's arrowy light from the sunny sky,  
Where the soft fleece clouds, as they meet and pass,  
Like the pictured sails in a dream go by;  
And, herself as fair as a morn of May,  
The maiden walks in the early day.

Hark! What was that from the tangled hedge  
A little way back? 'Twas a cry of pain,  
And she paused at the pasture's rippling edge,  
And listened. It came to her ear again,  
The moan of a wee lost lamb, distressed;  
And soon she was clasping it to her breast.

Wrapping it close in her mantle's fold,  
And over it grieving with gentle eyes:  
"Poor little wanderer, faint and cold,  
Another time will you not be wise?  
Stay by the flock in a safer place?"  
She seems to say with her tender face.

That pitiful face reveals a heart  
With room to cherish all helpless things.  
Hers, you may guess, is the magic art  
Which everywhere healing and comfort brings.  
Deft are her fingers with womanly skill,  
And womanly sweet is her gracious will.

The wee white lamb has forgotten fear;  
Content he lies in the loving arms,  
Which cradle him soft in a hemisphere  
Of fond caresses and placid charms.  
Frightened and chill was the wail last night,  
But love has found him at morning's light.

### BY AND BY.

**B**E quiet, restless heart! The long light lies  
In gleams of lingering sunshine on the hill;  
The home-bound swallow, twittering as he flies,  
Makes silence seem more still.

The shadows deeper grow, and in the woods  
The air a latent sweetness holds in fee;  
An odor faint of yet unblossomed buds—  
So like, dear heart, to thee!

Far distant in the soft, cerulean deep,  
Where the horizon bounds the nether world,  
Great ships becalmed, like brooding birds asleep,  
Lie with white sails loose furled.

In peace the day is ended, and the night  
Falleth as doth a veil upon the sea;  
Along its bosom come with swift-winged flight  
The gray mists, silently.

O anxious heart, how nature speaks! Her power  
How leisurely she uses! How intense  
The infinite peace of her most fruitful hour!  
How soft her influence!

Time hath she for her storms to sweep the main;  
To rock the tree-tops with her winds of wrath;  
To bring forth fragrance in the summer rain;  
And time for snow she hath!

So, dear, for all thy eager soul desires,  
She keeps sweet times and seasons. In her mood  
Is hid for thee all passion's subtle fires  
To round thy womanhood.

Cease, then! and in this dewy twilight move  
As one who asks not whither, cares not why;  
This gift for all holds still the Eternal Love—  
God's endless by and by.

*Sunday Afternoon.*

## The Temperance Cause.

### EFFECTS OF ALCOHOL ON THE BODY.

IN his lectures on the "Action of Alcohol on the Body and on the Mind," Dr. Richardson makes the following summary of his researches in regard to the effects of alcohol on the human organism:

What I may call the preliminary and physiological part of my research was now concluded. I had learned, purely by experimental observation, that in its action on the living body, this chemical substance, alcohol, deranges the constitution of the blood; unduly excites the heart and respiration; paralyzes the minute blood-vessels; increases and decreases, according to the degree of its application, the functions of the digestive organs, of the liver and of the kidneys; disturbs the regularity of nervous action; lowers the animal temperature; and lessens the muscular power.

Such, independently of any prejudice of party or influence of sentiment, are the unanswerable teachings of the sternest of all evidences, the evidences of experiment, of natural fact revealed to man by experimental testing of natural phenomena. If alcohol had never been heard of, as nitrite of amyl and many other chemical substances I have tested had never been heard of by the masses of mankind, this is the evidence respecting alcohol which I should have collected, and these are the facts I should have recorded from the evidence.

This record of simple experimental investigation and result respecting the action of alcohol on the body were incomplete without two other observations, which come in as a natural supplement. It will be asked: Was there no evidence of any useful service rendered by the agent in the midst of so much obvious evidence of bad service? I answer to that question that there was no such evidence whatever, and there is none. It has been urged, as a last kind of resource and excuse, that alcohol aids digestion, and so far is useful. I support, in reply, the statement of the late Dr. Cheyne, that nothing more effectively hinders digestion than alcohol. That "many hours, and even a whole night, after a debauch in wine, it is common enough to reject a part or the whole of a dinner undigested." I hold that those who abstain from alcohol have the best digestions; and that more instances of indigestion, of flatulency, of acidity and of depression of mind and body, are produced by alcohol than by any other single cause.

This excuse removed, there remains none other for alcohol that is reasonably assignable except that temporary excitement of mind which, in spite of the assumption of its jollity and happiness, is one of the surest ultimate introductions to pain and sorrow. But if there be no excuse favored by scientific research on behalf of alcohol, there is sufficient of appalling reasons against it superadded when the pathological results of its use are surveyed upon the physiological. The mere question of the destructive effect of alcohol on the membranes of the body alone, would be a sufficient study for an address on the mischiefs of it. I cannot define it better, indeed, than to say that it is an agent as potent for evil as it is helpless for good. It begins by destroying, it ends by destruction, and it implants organic changes which progress independently of its presence even in those who are not born.

### THE CURE OF INEBRIATES.

THE Sixth Annual Report of the Philadelphia "Franklin Reformatory Home for Inebriates" presents a most gratifying account of the work of that admirable institution for the past year. During the six years which have elapsed since the establishment of this Home, it has had, in all, eight hundred and eighty-eight inmates. Of these nearly one-half have been reformed, and now stand as sober men. Dr. Robert P. Harris, the attending physician, in his report to the directors of the institution, gives many interesting facts and statements in regard to the Home, and its influence over those who come there for help and treatment. The following extract will give a better idea of what is done there for the inebriate, than anything that we can write:

"The medical work, except in cases of mania a potu, insanity and ruined constitutions, is soon over with the newly-arrived inmate, and then the work of teaching him to reform, and how to remain so, is commenced by the inmates, graduates and all connected with the Home who feel an interest in its success. It is often a slow, uncertain and discouraging work, but the failures are as nothing when weighed with the many bright examples of success which are gradually swelling the ranks of the little army of reformed men, whose influence will be felt as a power in this city at some future day, when their number shall enable them to organize for aggressive work, as has been done in Chicago, where the Home has been much longer in operation.

"If association inclines men to take a social glass, the Home affords them a companionship that is opposed to this kind of sociability. If fond of company, and time hangs heavy on their hands, here is plenty of entertainment in the form of books to read, games, social conversation and evening meetings, with speeches, music, and other kinds of diversion. There is no greater power for good or evil in the land than that of association; and as it makes most of the drunkenness, so when wisely and properly directed under Christian influence it may be made to undo some of the evil that has been done by the very elements that, under a different influence, never wrought aught but ruin. There is no influence that weighs so much with the inebriate as that of the reformed and truly-converted graduate of the Home. Nothing encourages a man so much, when truly desiring to reform, as to compare notes with a reformed man whose case resembles his own, and learn from him how the great change was brought about.

"It is not necessary to incarcerate a man to reform him; for, if it was, then Cherry Hill and the Holmsburg Retreat would be grand reformatories. Many a man shut up for years in the former, for crime begotten of drunkenness, has been intoxicated before his day of liberation was over. We must teach him to endure temptation, and take care that he is not associated with those whose example will do him evil, instead of good. One of the evils of the asylum system lies in the fact, that it associates a few sheep with a good many goats, and that there is more fear to be felt from injury by the latter, than hope in the good influences of the former. Forced abstinence has its effect upon some men, as we have seen, but their reformation has generally been effected after several failures, and is not very reliable for permanence. In

our Home, the best work has been done by, and upon those, who truly desired to reform, and did so on the first trial. We have tried a large number of men twice, thrice, and a few four times; but the failures much more than equalled the successes, and have given but poor encouragement for this kind of perseverance. There is generally found in our men that have failed, either some mental deficiency, or some decidedly weak point in the moral character. It requires brains, as well as moral purpose, to effect a reformation. We have had some proofs of this fact in the Home during the past year. Several of the failures were in men of eccentric character, almost amounting to insanity; or whose minds were weakened by organic disease, or whose moral character was tainted by evil habits, bad associations and defective training. If a man has a good mother, or had one to educate him properly in his childhood, the seed sown by her is apt to bear fruit, under the influences for good, that are brought to bear upon him after he comes to the Home to begin a better life. But pernicious influences and surroundings at home, often make the work of reformation a difficult, if not an impossible one. If a man is fond of gambling, is a libertine, a bartender, or one who makes his living by deceiving his friends or the community, there is but little hope in his case. A Christian revolution may entirely transform a man's moral character and fit him to endure with safety the temptations that beset a reformed drunkard; but, without such a radical change, there can be little hope in his desire or power to resist."

Any person desiring a copy of this report can obtain it from the secretary and superintendent, Mr. John Graff, No. 915 Locust Street, Philadelphia.

#### POOR-HOUSE NAN.

"DID you say you wished to see me, sir? Step in; 'tis a cheerless place,

But you're heartily welcome all the same—to be poor is no disgrace!

Have I been here long? Oh, yes, sir; 'tis eighteen winters gone

Since poor Jim took to crooked ways and left me all alone.

Jim was my son, and a likelier lad you'd never wish to see,

Till evil counsels won his heart, and led him away from me!

"Tis the old, sad, pitiful story, sir, of the devil's winding stair;

And men going down—and down—and down to blackness and despair;

Tossing about, poor wrecks at sea with helm and anchor lost,

On and on through the surging waves, nor caring to count the cost.

I doubt sometimes if the Saviour sees—He seems so far away—

How the souls He loved and died for are drifting—drifting astray!

"Indeed, 'tis little wonder, sir, that woman shrinks and cries,

When the life-blood on rum's altar spilt is calling to the skies;

Small wonder if her own heart feels each sacrificial blow;

For, isn't each life a part of *hers*? each pain *her* hurt and woe?

Read all the records of crime and shame—'tis bitterly, sadly true,  
Where manliness and honor die, there some woman's heart dies, too.

"I often think, when I hear folks talk so prettily, and so fine

Of 'alcohol as a needful food,' of the 'moderate use of wine,'

How 'the world couldn't do without it; there was clearly no other way

Than for man to drink, or let it alone, as his own strong will might say,'

That 'to use it, but not abuse it,' was the proper thing to do,

How I wish they'd let old, poor-house Nan preach her little sermon, too!

"I would give them scenes in a woman's life that would make their pulses stir;

For I was a drunkard's child—and wife—aye, a drunkard's mother, sir!

I would tell of childish terrors, of childish tears and pain;

Of cruel blows from a father's hand when rum had crazed his brain.

He always said 'he could drink his fill or let it alone as well.'

Perhaps he might—he was killed one night in a brawling, grog-shop hell!

"I would tell of years of loveless toil the drunkard's child had passed,

With just one gleam of sunshine—too beautiful to last!

When I married Tom, I thought for sure I had nothing more to fear,

That life would come all right at last, the world seemed full of cheer;

But he took to moderate drinking—he allowed 'twas a harmless thing;

So the arrow sped, and my bird of hope came down with a broken wing!

"Tom was only a moderate drinker—ah, sir, do you bear in mind,

Why the plodding tortoise in the race left the leaping hare behind?

'Twas because he held right on and on, steady and sure, if slow,

And that's the way, I'm thinking, that the moderate drinkers go!

Step over step—day after day—with tireless, sleepless pace,

While the toper sometimes looks behind, and tarries in the race!

"Ah, heavily in the well-worn path poor Tom walked day by day,

For my heart-strings clung about his feet and tangled up the way;

The days were dark, and friends were gone, and life dragged on full slow,

And children came like reapers sad, to a harvest of want and woe;

Two of them died, and I was glad when they lay before me dead,

I had grown so weary of their cries—their pitiful cries for bread!

"Then came a time when my heart was stone; I would neither hope nor pray;

Poor Tom lay out in the Potter's Field, and my boy had gone astray—

The boy who had been my idol—while, like hounds  
athirst for blood,  
Between my aching heart and him the liquor-seller  
stood,  
And lured him on with his poisoned words, his pleasures  
and his wine—  
Ah, God have pity on other souls as crushed and  
bruised as mine!

"There were whispers of evil-doings, of dishonor and  
of shame,  
That I never can bear to think of now, and would not  
dare to name;  
There was hiding away from the light of day, there  
was creeping about at night,  
A hurried word of parting, then a criminal's stealthy  
flight;  
His lips were white with remorse and fright when he  
gave me a good-bye kiss,  
And I've never seen the poor lost child from that  
black day to this!

"Ah, none but a mother can tell you, sir, how a  
mother's heart will ache  
With the sorrow that comes of a sinning child, with  
the grief for the lost one's sake,  
When she knows the feet she trained to walk have  
gone so far astray,  
And the lips grown bold with curses that she taught  
to sing and pray;  
A child may fear, and a wife may weep, but of all  
sad things none other  
Seems half so sorrowful to me as being a drunkard's  
mother!

"They tell me that, down in the vilest dens of the  
city's crime and murk,  
There are men with the hearts of angels, doing the  
angels' work;  
That they win back the lost and the straying, that  
they help the weak to stand,  
By the wonderful power of loving words, by the help  
of a brother's hand;  
And often and over, the dear Lord knows, I've knelt  
and prayed to Him  
That somewhere, somehow, 'twould happen they'd  
find and save my Jim!

"You'll say 'tis a poor old woman's whim, but when  
I prayed last night,  
Right over yon eastern window there shone a wonderful  
light  
(Leastways it looked that way to me); and out of the  
light there fell  
The softest voice I had ever heard—it rung like a  
silver bell;  
And these were the words: 'The prodigal turns, so  
tired of shame and sin;  
He seeks his Father's open doors—he weeps, and  
enters in!'

"Why, sir, you're crying as hard as I! What, is it  
really done?  
Have the loving voice and the helping hand brought  
back my wandering son?  
Did you kiss me and call me 'mother,' and hold me  
to your breast?  
Or is it one of the taunting dreams that come to  
mock my rest?  
No, no, thank God, 'tis a dream come true; I can die,  
for He's saved my boy!"  
And the poor old heart that had lived on grief was  
broken at last by joy!

MRS. LUCY M. BLINN.

## TEMPERANCE LITERATURE.

THEY have builded better than they knew, these  
architects of temperance literature. No other  
problem of social welfare has been so difficult to  
solve; no vice exercised such unrelenting influence;  
no evil wrought such desolation in hearts and homes  
as intemperance. Doubtless, the beacon lights and  
life-saving stations pointed out through the medium  
of temperance literature, have rescued many an erring  
soul from the depths of crime and danger. Who can  
estimate the power for good of that one simple ballad,  
"Father, dear father, come home with me now!"  
Parodied and pursued, this little song has kept un-  
wavering flight beyond the reach of critical arrows.  
Hardened inebriates have wept and prayed under the  
influence of its pathos, and often the fruit of these  
tears and prayers has been permanent reform. Says  
a reclaimed father: "I had drank more or less—alas!  
sometimes too much—all my life, but never reflected  
on the evils of intemperance, until one day my little  
Daisy, whose pretty fingers had just began to learn  
the mysteries of piano music, said to me: 'O papa! I  
have such a beautiful new song; may I sing it for  
you?' Always pleased to gratify her, I sat down to  
listen. How each stanza rung like a knell in my  
heart!

"Late.

"The clock in the steeple strikes one!"

"Later.

"The clock in the steeple strikes two!"

"Latest.

"The clock in the steeple strikes three!"

And we are alone—poor Benny is dead,

And gone with the angels of light;

And these were the very last words that he said,

"I want to kiss papa good-night!"

"From that hour I have never tasted intoxicating  
drink."

One of the greatest difficulties presented by intem-  
perance is, that it so paralyzes the human will; to  
arouse and stimulate the victim's sense of danger and  
method of escape, were a cause worthy the highest  
inspiration and eloquence. The flowers of rhetoric  
and fancy will not have bloomed in vain, if by their  
color and fragrance darkened souls are drawn nearer  
the light.

Children are acute and observant readers and  
listeners, and never fail to extract the full measure of  
delight from poem or story; if through the pure  
channels of Christian and temperance literature they  
may be taught to shun that which is evil, the work  
were indeed beneficent.

It is estimated that intemperance sends one human  
being every six minutes into a drunkard's grave. A  
picture worthy of Doré's darkest dreams of death and  
desolation! If the pen is mightier than the sword,  
let it never fail or falter in behalf of a reform which  
so nearly concerns human life and happiness. It  
were a theme worthy the wisdom of the wisest, the  
influence of the noblest minds.

"For the wrong that needs resistance,  
The cause that lacks assistance,"

are we not *all*, to some extent, responsible? The in-  
fluence of opinion, expression, example. Then wel-  
come to our homes poem, essay, history or romance  
worthy of a place in the literature of reform.

MRS. C. I. BAKER.



## Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

### THE STRANDED SHIP.

"POOR ship!" said Frank, as he looked at the picture of a vessel stranded on the beach, with the waves dashing over her. "Is she lost, papa?"

"I am afraid so. She has been driven far in by a storm upon a sandy shore, and can never be got off again. All the people have left her. Day after day and night after night the great waves rolling in from the ocean will strike against her sides, and dash over her decks, and break her at last to pieces. In a few months only scarcely a trace of her will be found."

"I wonder if the captain was asleep," said Frank, "when he let his ship come in upon the shore?"

"That is something we cannot know," replied his father.

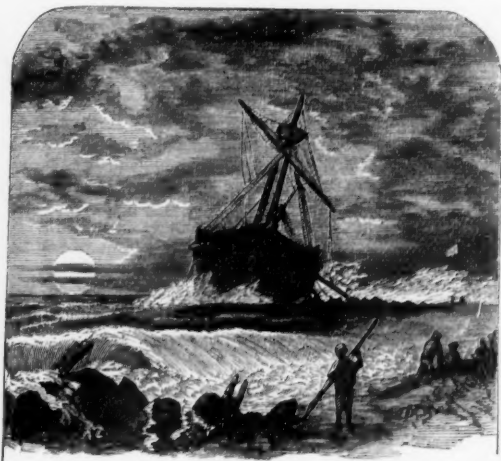
"Maybe," said Frank, dropping his voice a little, "he was like Captain Luke, when he lost his ship."

"How was that? Who told you anything about Captain Luke?"

"I heard you say it to mamma one day."

"Say what?"

"That Captain Luke had been drinking too much



liquor, and lost his own reckoning before he lost the ship's. What is reckoning, papa?"

"A captain's reckoning is his knowledge of where his ship should be. This every captain knows each day from what are called observations. Then he looks at his chart or maps, and they tell him if he is near a dangerous shore or a sunken rock, or anything that makes care and vigilance needful. When a ship is driven on to a coast or shore, like the one in the picture, it most always happens that the captain is in fault, and too many of them in fault just as Captain Luke was when he lost his ship. Drinking liquor is certain to confuse the mind; and when the captain of a vessel drinks, you can never be sure of his ship."

"Oh, I wish people wouldn't drink the dreadful stuff," said Frank. "We're all the while hearing about awful things being done by drunken men."

"It's very sad and very dreadful," said papa, "and I don't see how it is to be cured, unless all the little boys in the land undertake to do it; and then it will take a great many years."

"Oh, papa! How can the little boys do it?" asked Frank.

"If all the little boys in the land resolve that they will never taste a drop of strong drink as long as they live, and stick to their resolution, then we've only got to wait until all the drinking men die off, when the evil will be cured. Don't you see?"

"Why, yes, papa! That's so!" exclaimed Frank, his face brightening. "And I'm going to be one of the little boys."

"That's right," said papa. "And I want you to tell every little boy you know just what you're going to do, and get as many as you can to follow your example."

### THE CAMEL.

TRAVELERS correct our impressions of animals.

Livingstone corrected our prejudice in favor of the lion; the monarch of animals has never stood quite so high in our estimation since Mr. Palgrave, in his "Central and Eastern Arabia," corrects our impressions, and puts down our prejudices, in favor of the camel. "He has heard," he says, "a good deal about the docility of the camel: if docile means stupid, well and good; in such a case, the camel is the very model of docility;" in fact, draws a portrait of a most unamiable beast, and even maintains that those philosophers are right who ascribe the revengeful character of the Arabs to the great share the flesh and milk of the camel have in their sustenance. The camel and his Bedouin master have such obvious points of resemblance, that he did not think an Arab of Shomer far in the wrong when he once heard him say, "God created the Bedouin for the camel, and the camel for the Bedouin."

Our readers shall have the satisfaction of perusing this little addition to the natural history of the camel. "If the epithet 'docile' is intended to designate an animal that takes an interest in its rider so far as a beast can that in some way understands his intentions, or shares them in a subordinate fashion, that obeys from a sort of submissive or half fellow-feeling with his master, like the horse and elephant, then I say that the camel is by no means docile, very much the contrary; he takes no heed of his rider, pays no attention whether he be on his back or not, walks straight on when once set a-going, merely because he is too stupid to turn aside; and then, should some tempting thorn or green branch allure him out of the path, continues to walk on in this new direction simply because he is too dull to turn back into the right road. His only care is to cross as much pasture as he conveniently can while pacing mechanically onwards; and for effecting this his long, flexible neck sets him at great advantage, and a hard blow or a downright kick alone has any influence on him, whether to direct or impel. He will never attempt to throw you off his back, such a trick being far beyond his limited comprehension; but if you fall off he will never dream of stopping for you, and walks on just the same, gazing while he goes, without knowing or caring an atom what has become of you. If turned loose, it is a thousand to one that he will never find his way back to his accustomed home or

pasture, and the first comer who picks him up will have no particular shyness to get over; Jack or Tom are all the same to him, and the loss of his old master and of his former cameline companions gives him no regret and occasions no endeavor to find them again. One only symptom will he give that he is aware of his rider, and that is when the latter is about to mount him; for on such an occasion, instead of addressing him in the style of old Balaam's more intelligent beast, 'Am not I thy camel upon which thou hast ridden ever since I was thine, unto this day?' he will bend back his long, snaky neck toward his master, open his enormous jaws to bite if he dared, and roar out a tremendous sort of groan, as if to complain of some entirely new and unparalleled injustice about to be done him. In a word, he is from first to last an undomesticated and savage animal, rendered serviceable by stupidity alone, without much skill on his master's part or any co-operation on his own, save that of an extreme passiveness. Neither attachment nor even habit impress him; never tame, though not wide awake enough to be exactly wild.

"One passion alone he possesses, namely, revenge, of which he furnishes many a hideous example, while in carrying it out he shows an unexpected degree of far-thoughted malice, united meanwhile with all the cold stupidity of his usual character. One instance

of this I well remember; it occurred hard by a small town in the plain of Baalbec, where I was at the time residing. A lad of about fourteen had conducted a large camel, laden with wood, from that very village to another at half an hour's distance or so. As the animal loitered or turned out of the way, its conductor struck it repeatedly, and harder than it seems to have thought he had a right to do. But not finding the occasion favorable for taking immediate quits, it 'bode its time;' nor was that time long in coming. A few days later, the same lad had to reconduct the beast, but unladen, to his own village. When they were about half way on the road, and at some distance from any habitation, the camel suddenly stopped, looked deliberately round in every direction to assure itself that no one was within sight, and, finding the road far and near clear of passers-by, made a step forward, seized the unlucky boy's head in its monstrous mouth, and lifting him up in the air flung him down again on the earth with the upper part of his skull completely torn off, and his brains scattered on the ground. Having thus satisfied its revenge, the brute quietly resumed its pace toward the village as though nothing were the matter, till some men who had observed the whole, though unfortunately at too great a distance to be able to afford timely help, came up and killed it."

## Fashion Department.

### FASHIONS FOR JULY.

AS summer approaches, most women will be glad to learn that they can, with very little addition to what they have, possess a comfortable and fashionable wardrobe. For little is really new; and with a moderate amount of taste and ingenuity, a lady can readily modify familiar styles and imitate the costly designs shown at one-tenth the published expense.

Of the materials for summer wear we have a pleasing variety. Light silks are in checks or stripes; as steel and white, black and white, black and gold, brown and white. Grenadines are plain, or of the bourette description, having a dark plaid or striped ground, relieved by touches of bright color, as cardinal, blue or orange. For traveling and ordinary wear, camel's-hair and *de beige*, both plain and twilled, retain their popularity. Lawns and organ-dies are in pale-blue, rose and lavender tints, with clusters of buds and trailing vines, or plain grounds, with gay border-patterns. Plain and dotted Swiss muslins and gingham suitings also appear; while that most satisfactory and serviceable fabric, bunting, is shown in softer texture than last year.

The Princess is still worn. Polonaises are, as before, fitted closely, or made loosely to be belted in. The very comfortable blouse-waist remains in favor. The kilt costume consists of a neatly-fitting, cut-away jacket, with a vest, a skirt laid in plaits throughout its entire length, and relieved by a folded scarf draped around and knotted at the side. The coat alone, made of cloth, may be used as a stylish wrap. The addition of the little Carrick cape to a dress converts it into a complete out-door costume.

Dressy hats are in chip and leghorn, with wide, flaring brims and broad, flat crowns. The favorite trimmings are black velvet, white satin, silk gauze

scarfs, clusters of ostrich feathers, and ribbons and roses of the deep, Jacqueminot red color. Novelties for bonnets are gilt-ball ornaments and beaded borders. For plainer hats we have shade and English walking-hats. These are simply trimmed with gauze, satin, velvet and feathers, sometimes relieved by gilt beads or braid, steel ornaments, or bright ribbon and ostrich tips.

Broad collars and cuffs in lace, or linen edged with lace, afford an agreeable change with ruches. Stockings of Lisle thread are in pale pink, blue, olive, cardinal, navy-blue and brown, with silk clockings of contrasting colors. Mitts without fingers, and having long wrists, and thread gloves with mitt wrists reaching nearly to the elbow, take the place of kid for warm weather.

In children's fashions, little appears that is new. We have, as before, pretty gored costumes, combining simplicity and gracefulness, made of calico, linen, cambric and light cloth, trimmed with fabrics of contrasting colors, embroidery and braid. The side-sashes are not so frequently seen, and suits are usually finished by a broad, sailor or a "stole" collar—that is, a broad collar terminating in a square on the back and on the breast.

"The fashion of half-long sleeves, coming just below the elbow," says the Paris correspondent of the *Bazar*, "will become more general during the summer. But it should immediately be added that such sleeves will only be worn at home, or in the country, and for dinners and reunions in the summer. In other words, a lady of taste and refinement will never wear half-long sleeves for walking-costume. With such sleeves, very long mitts, which cover the arms, are indispensable. These are netted of silk in black, white and all other colors, in designs imitating lace. These mitts are also made of undressed kid. In summer neither gloves nor mitts are worn of dressed kid in Paris."

## New Publications.

FROM LEE & SHEPARD, BOSTON.

**A Year Worth Living.** By William M. Baker. This gives some of the varied experiences, happy, discouraging, serious and heroic, of a young Northern minister in a Southern congregation. The tropical scenery is vividly described, the incidents are numerous and skillfully introduced; the characters, all having a strong personality, are clearly drawn; the interest is continuously sustained, and, altogether, it is considerably above the average for a well-written, attractive story. The only fault we notice is, that some trifling and some painful details are brought too prominently forward, though, perhaps, not more so than often happens in real life.

**Voyages and Adventures of Vasco da Gama.** By George M. Towle. This book is one of "The Young Folks' Series," giving, in an attractive form, the exploits of real heroes of history. The story of Vasco da Gama's voyages to India—of his misfortunes, his successes, his honors and his death—is told in a remarkably happy way, which will certainly give our young friends much pleasure as well as information.

**The Adventures of an American Consul Abroad,** by Luigi Monti, will, at least, dispel some popular notions, among others, that foreign countries excel ours in cheapness of living and in common comfort, and that a government office abroad is a blissful sinecure. Aside from this, we have quite an entertaining tale, which, though simply told, is not devoid of amusing incident.

**The Fall of Damascus.** An Historical Novel. By Charles Wells Russel. Such a book can, at best, be an exceedingly imperfect success; for, after such a long period of time, under circumstances and influences so widely different, it is impossible to catch the spirit of a past age with sufficient accuracy to depict persons and scenes with the fidelity to nature required in a good novel. But in this story, so many are the characters, so tedious the digressions, so heavy the chronology, so indefinite the religion, so confused is the blending of strange deeds, supernatural visitants, Pagans, Mohammedans and Christians; so often are we introduced to scenes of vice, and horror, and treachery, and bloodshed; so much weaker and more incomprehensible does the hero become; so abrupt is the conclusion—that, after the most careful reading, the only feeling with which one can lay aside the book is weariness.

**The Voyage of the Paper Canoe.** By N. H. Bishop. We have before us an account of a voyage made by the writer, alone, in his frail boat, from Troy to Florida. And a very interesting account it is, with Mr. Bishop's impressions of the scenery and the people whom he meets. One can almost envy him his delightful trip, even with his lack of companionship, his small craft, and his one accident—capsizing in the Delaware Bay. We quote a little regarding the manufacture of paper boats: "The first step is to construct a wooden model, an exact *fac-simile* of the desired boat, on which to mould the paper-skin. The first sheet (of paper) is dampened, laid smoothly on the model and securely fastened in place. Other sheets are now superimposed on this, and suitably cemented together. As the paper-skin dries, all wrinkles disappear, and it gradually assumes the de-

sired shape. The paper-skin, after being water-proofed, is finished with hard varnishes, and then presents a solid, perfectly smooth and horny surface to the action of the water."

FROM CASSEL, PETTER & GALPIN, LONDON, PARIS AND NEW YORK.

**The Art Magazine,** the first number of which lies before us, is a publication designed to diffuse information regarding the Fine Arts in a form which will place it within the reach of all. It is published monthly, at twenty-five cents a number. The first issue contains, besides many interesting articles and items of information connected with art, wood-engravings of several noted paintings, statues, and things dear to the lover of the beautiful—among which may be mentioned the heads of the "Madonna and Child," in Raphael's *Madonna di San Sisto*, the "Venus de Milo," and some *bas-reliefs* and ancient household utensils. Notes on the Paris Universal Exposition of 1878, have been commenced, and will appear in each number. The work is handsomely printed, and cannot fail to be acceptable to persons of taste and culture, as well as to the lovers of art.

FROM THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY, NEW YORK.

**The Queer Home in Rugby Court.** By Annette Lucille Noble. And a delightful home, too, with its interesting inmates—quiet, scholarly Uncle Jason; kind-hearted, eccentric Aunt Sabby, dumb little Marjory, and the gentle Canadian niece, Lizette. And such boys! Natural, earnest, fun-loving fellows, all of them—Harry, the perfumed exquisite; Dick, the irrepressible wit; Theophilus, the sage invalid, and rollicking Fred, and Jack, and Tom, and Billy. Those who revolve about this queer home, Maurice, the student; Lotte, the German girl, and old Felix and young Cliff, the pensioners, also interest us greatly. But the main thread of the story concerns a noble man saved from the demon of drink by a devoted Christian wife and a loving daughter. Those who make the acquaintance of this most entertaining family can scarcely fail to be well pleased.

**The Temperance Lesson-Book,** by Benjamin Ward Richardson, M. D., A. M., LL.D., F. R. S., contains a thorough, regularly-graded set of lessons in relation to alcohol—its proportion in all wines and spirits, its chemical composition and its effects on the system. Whether this book shall ever be introduced into schools, as was the intention of the writer, or not, it will do a good work in dispelling many of the popular illusions in regard to liquor, and branding it with its right name—the curse of mankind.

No. 1. Total Abstinence for the Sake of Ourselves. No. 2. Abstinence from Evil. No. 3. The Serpent and the Tiger. No. 4. The Vow of the Rechabites. No. 5. The Vow of the Nazarite. By Rev. Canon Farrer, of England. These five able discourses make a valuable addition to our temperance literature. Each discourse is comprised in a pamphlet of twenty-four pages, with a cover, price 10 cents.

**Thirteenth Annual Report of the National Temperance Society.** This gives a full report of the condition of the cause in our country at the present

time, noticing the many agencies that have been employed to check the tide of intemperance—as the work of Mr. Moody, the Woman's Christian Temperance Society, the circulation of temperance literature, instruction in Sunday-schools, deputations to National and State Governments, Mr. Murphy's Gospel Temperance, temperance conferences, actions taken by church organizations, the growth of various societies, together with the state of foreign lands as regards this subject; showing conclusively that this past year has been one of remarkable progress.

**Temperance and Republican Institutions.** An address by Rev. Joseph Cook. As might have been expected, we have here an eloquent and powerful review of the causes of intemperance, and the means of salvation from the evil. Mr. Cook lays down first, that the growth of great cities argues increase in peril to democracy, which peril springs mainly from intemperance and its associate vices; and as measures of relief, he points out the value of efficient temperance legislation, the influence of the ministry, the avowed sympathy of an intelligent community, charities striking at the secondary causes of intemperance, temperance organizations, and the diffusion of the latest light of science on the subject, and applying an educational test to suffrage. Though little is advanced that is new, yet the circulation of a pamphlet written in such an attractive style, by one so eminent, must accomplish valuable results.

"The Gin Shop," is a well-written poem, in the style of "The House that Jack Built," tracing the career of the drunkard downward until he has signed

the pledge and been brought into the church, since which his course is upward to peace, and comfort, and honor. The striking illustrations are by George Cruikshank.

**The Action of Alcohol on the Body and on the Mind,** by Benjamin W. Richardson, M. D., F. R. S., gives the results of the author's original investigations on the effects of the deadly agent, most of which have been embodied in a simpler form in his Lesson-Book. He utterly disproves the idea that alcohol can be a food, and states, as a summing up, that its effects on the body and mind can be no other than disturbing, weakening and destroying. This little book will be a powerful ally on the side of science as opposed to strong drink.

**TOTAL ABSTINENCE.**—An address by Rev. James J. Moriarty, Catholic Pastor of Chatham Village, New York. In a clear, forcible, familiar style, Father Moriarty calls the attention of his people to the evils of intemperance, pointing out to them that their only hope of salvation from its curse is on appealing to Divine aid. That he must have accomplished good through this address, may be seen in the fact that a number of his fellow-citizens, Catholic and Protestant, requested its publication in tract form for general circulation. We are glad to see that the cause is gaining ground among all denominations, and that the Catholic Church especially, because of its great influence with our German and Irish citizens, is becoming more and more pronounced in its opposition to intemperance and the liquor traffic.

## Editor's Department.

### The Help that Hurts the Poor.

**T**RUE charity is wise and discriminating, and shows itself quite as often in withholding as in giving. It rarely happens that any one falls blamelessly into extreme destitution. The steps that lead downwards to indigence, want and suffering, are usually along the ways of idleness, thriftlessness, vice or crime, and the only means whereby recovery from these conditions is possible, lies in a voluntary or enforced return to an industrious, sober and orderly life. Help for the idle and vicious poor—the doling out of food and clothing to those who would rather beg than work—is a kind of charity that does more harm than good. If hunger cannot be appeased through beggary, it will gain by work the needed sustenance; or—and it may seem a hard saying, but we will say it notwithstanding—if a man would rather starve than work, he had better be left to starve. The world is nothing more to him, nor he to the world, and the time has come for them to part company.

In any view of the case, the poorest service which we can render to the lazy, the thriftless and the vicious, is to encourage them in their idleness. So long as a man is, from choice, an idle and useless member of society—we care not how high or how low his condition—he is incapable of moral or spiritual improvement. He cannot, in any true sense, become a better man, and is in great danger of becoming worse. If we would truly help him, we must get him to work at something that will be useful to others. This is a state of true order—the order of the human body, in which each part serves the whole,

and in turn is sustained by the whole—and whether it be voluntary or enforced, he who comes into it comes into a state of possible improvement. The meal which we give to a lazy beggar does him no real good, but rather harm, for it comes in to bar him from the only way of improvement and moral elevation—the way of work.

### More About the Babies' Home.

**A** GAIN we wish to call the attention of a humane public to the Babies' Home, Forty-fifth and Chestnut Streets, in this city. We are also pleased to record its continued usefulness.

On the afternoon and evening of May 23d, there was a flower and strawberry festival held in the house and on the grounds of the Institution. We have before described the premises—a large, commodious mansion, surrounded by a beautiful lawn. To this we will add that, in this lovely season of the year, the place was rendered doubly attractive by the widely-opened doors and windows admitting the pleasant breeze, the trailing vines over the long verandah, and by the velvety grass, the overshadowing trees and the luxuriant shrubbery. Then, too, the day was all that could have been desired.

All through the rooms on the first floor were long tables, beautifully decorated with floral designs and laden with dainties. The little ones who were able to walk were toddling around on the lawn and piazzas with their snowy white dresses, while the tiny babies rested, amid all the sounds of animated con-



versation and gay laughter, undisturbed up-stairs. While the constant stream of visitors, traversing the shady grounds, lingering at the attractive tables, and passing through the light, airy, pretty nurseries, seemed delighted with everything, as well they might be.

Friends of the babies were invited to be present from noon until ten in the evening. So, for a great part of the day, many expressions of surprise and pleasure might have been heard, enlivened at intervals by the brass band from the Blind Men's Home. At four o'clock, religious exercises were commenced by the congregated people singing in chorus, "I need Thee every hour," followed with prayer by Rev. G. E. Rees, pastor of the Tabernacle, Eighteenth and Chestnut Streets. Rev. Anthony Atwood then made an address, after which, and the doxology, the supper-tables were quickly filled. The festival was, in every respect, a success.

One beautiful circumstance deserves extended mention—that of the Memorial Crib. Mrs. Struthers, of this city, who recently lost a little daughter only a year old, purchased and presented to the Home a handsome walnut crib, furnished with a fine mattress and dainty bed-clothing. Over the headboard is to hang a beautiful tablet, painted in oil by a lady artist, Mrs. Mulford, of Bridgeton, N. J. It contains, besides the inscription "Memorial Crib," the name of the deceased child, Alice Bird Struthers, and dates of her birth and death. Enwreathed with the letters are lilies-of-the-valley and forget-me-nots, and at the base of the design a cluster of pond-lilies. Mr. Struthers, little Alice's father, will give a hundred dollars a year for the support of the baby who occupies the crib.

We note this, hoping that it may inspire in the hearts of other bereaved parents a desire to memorialize their lost darlings in a similar way. For, if they could fully realize that, while their little ones are safe from harm, others there are who will, perhaps, live to toil and suffer, they would, for the dear sake of those, remember some of the many motherless babies.

We would suggest also to the gay, frolicsome children who are growing up in sheltered homes, ignorant of the want and sorrow around them, that they contribute of their little hoards a portion toward the establishment of *free cribs* in the Home, so that a few more poor babies may be taken in and cared for. We know that many would be only too glad to do so. We are told that, even in giving a cup of cold water, we shall be blessed.

Mrs. Franklin Bacon, No. 1933 Chestnut Street, is President of the Babies' Home; Miss Lucy T. Price, No. 1809 Mount Vernon Street, Secretary. They will be happy to receive, and will suitably acknowledge, any contributions for this good work. To those of our friends who intend visiting Ocean Grove this summer, we would say, go to Ocean Park, see the babies in the summer quarters of the Institution, and make them a little present. We ask the hearty sympathy of all for the Philadelphia Home for Infants.

H—

#### Our Bits of Time.

IF men and women would determine to do what they can with their bits of time, how much useful information might be acquired, and how many things absorbed into the mind which, in years to come, would prove of service in many ways.

"A half-hour devoted to any book, any art, or any esthetic pursuit," says Margaret E. Sangster, "would

be sufficient to keep it in the possession of the mind, and to give thought something to dwell upon, outside the engrossing and dwarfing cares of every day. That precious half-hour would save from the narrowness and pettiness which are inevitable to those whose work is exclusively given to the materialities of life. It would tinge and color the day, as a drop of ruby liquid in the druggist's globe imparts its hue to a gallon of water.

"A feeling of discouragement comes over us when we compare ourselves and our opportunities with those of some living men and with those of some who have gone, but whose biographies live. How did they learn so much, do so much, fill so large a space in the story of their times, and illustrate so grandly the possibilities of humanity? If we knew all the truth, it was no doubt because the time we spend in fruitless effort and in doing needless things was steadily given by them to the things which count up, and make large sums total, at the foot of life's balance-sheet. No doubt, too, because they were not contemptuous of scattered fragments of time, which they filled with honest work, and which paid them by making their work easier and more successful in the end. If we could make up our minds to accept the situation in which Providence has placed us, and then to do the best we can there, without repining, we might yet evolve some lovely creation, out of our broken days."

#### Hospital Newspaper Boxes.

BOXES for the collection of reading matter for the sick have been set up in several places in our city, and the committee of gentlemen who have this excellent work in hand particularly request those who have newspapers, magazines or books for which they have no further use, to deposit them in these boxes, from which they will be regularly taken and distributed to the various hospitals. There is a box in the hall of the Post-office; one at the Depot of the Pennsylvania Railroad, West Philadelphia; another at the Depot of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad; and another at the south-west corner of Broad and Chestnut Streets. It only needs the suggestion to prompt many kind-hearted and thoughtful persons to make so good a disposition of a portion of their surplus reading matter.

#### Notes, Literary and Personal.

THE Queen of Belgium is said to be an artist of considerable ability, and quite proud of her productions, which find a ready sale.

MISS EMILY STEBBINS, in her biography of Charlotte Cushman, gives us an interesting glimpse of the wife of Thomas Carlyle, whom Miss Cushman knew very well, and describes her as "clever, witty, calm, cool, unsparing, unsmiling, a *raconteur* unparalleled, a manner inimitable, a behavior scrupulous, and a power invincible; a combination rare and strange exists in that plain, keen, unattractive, yet unescapable woman." In the presence of her husband she was quiet and silent; but, says Miss Stebbins, "when she was alone, and herself the entertainer, one became aware of all the self-abnegation she practiced, for she was herself a remarkably brilliant talker, and the stories of quaint wit and wisdom which she poured forth, the marvelous memory which she displayed, were in the minds of many quite as remarkable, and even more entertaining, than the majestic utterances of her gifted husband. It was said that those who came to sit at his feet remained at hers."



[Prepared expressly for "ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE," by E. BUTTERICK &amp; CO.]

**Ladies' and Children's Garments.****LADIES' BASQUE.**

No. 6269.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the basque for a lady of medium size, 4 yards of material 22 inches wide, or 2 yards 48 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

**FIGURE NO. 1.—CHILD'S COSTUME.**

FIGURE NO. 1.—Costumes like the one illustrated are very popular for little folks and are made of

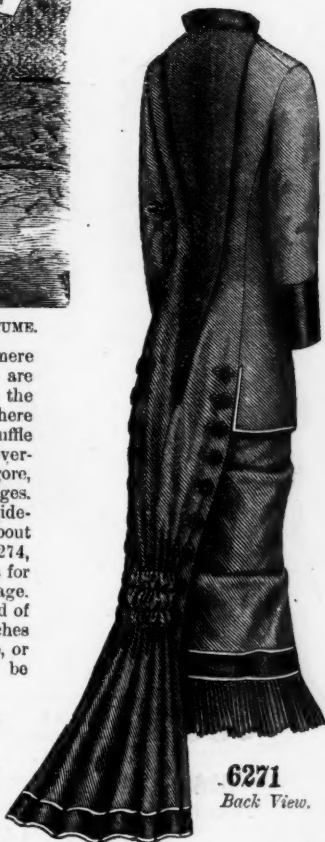
**6269***Front View.***6269***Back View.***FIGURE NO. 1.—CHILD'S COSTUME.**

cambric, linen, piqué, cashmere and *de beige*. The trimmings are always simple on account of the plaited back. The model is here presented in cambric, with a ruffle of the same about the overlapping tab skirt of the side-gore, and braid about all the edges. The ruffle also passes up the side-front seam and is arranged about the neck. The pattern is No. 6274, price 20 cents, and is in 6 sizes for children from 1 to 6 years of age. To make the costume for a child of 4 years,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 2 yards 36 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard 48 inches wide, will be required.

**LADIES' POLONAISE, WITH VEST FRONT.**

No. 6271.—This handsome polonaise illustrates all the beauties of the combined basque and over-skirt. The pattern is in 13

sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. It will require  $8\frac{1}{4}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards 48 inches wide, with 1 yard of contrasting goods in either width, to make the polonaise as described for a lady of medium size. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

**6271***Front View.***6271***Back View.*

## LADIES' MANTILLA.

No. 6267.—This wrap pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the mantilla for a lady of medium size,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 48 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



6267

Front View.



6266

Front View.



6266

Back View.



6267

Back View.

## MISSSES' OVER-SKIRT.

No. 6266.—This pattern is adapted to any suit material, washable or otherwise, and is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. It will require  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard 48 inches wide, to make the over-skirt for a miss of 11 years. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



6263

Front View.



6272

Front View.



6272

Back View.

## GIRLS' BELTED POLONAISE.

No. 6272.—A very comfortable and stylish little garment is represented by these engravings. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. To make the garment for a girl of 6 years,  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard 36 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



6263

Back View.

## LADIES' BLOUSE POLONAISE.

No. 6263.—The model to this charming polonaise is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. It will require 10 yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $6\frac{1}{4}$  yards 36 inches wide, or  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards 48 inches wide, to make the polonaise for a lady of medium size. Price of pattern, 30 cents.





6261

*Front View.*

6277

*Front View.*

6277

*Back View.*

## LADIES' JACKET, WITH VEST.

No. 6277.—The pattern to this modish jacket is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the jacket for a lady of medium size, will require  $5\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 36 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



6261

*Back View.*

## MISSES' BELTED POLONAISE.

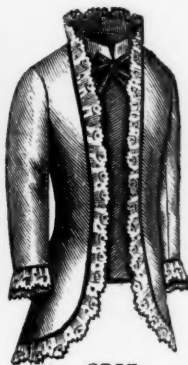
No. 6261.—The model to this stylish polonaise is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. To make the polonaise for a miss of 12 years, will require  $5\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 36 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

## MISSES' BASQUE, BUTTONED AT THE BACK.

No. 6265.—Any of the fashionable dress fabrics are suitable for the construction of this pretty basque. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. To construct the basque for a miss of 12 years, will require  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 22



6262

*Front View.*

6265

*Front View.*

6265

*Back View.*

6262

*Back View.*

## LADIES' PROMENADE COAT, WITH A FRENCH BACK.

No. 6262.—This graceful and fashionable coat for a lady to wear upon the promenade is composed of two shades of suit goods, trimmed with satin pipings. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. It will require  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of light goods 22 inches wide, with  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of dark material in the same width, to make the coat for a lady of medium size. If material 48 inches wide be selected,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of the light, with  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of the dark, will suffice for the purpose. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

## FIGURE NO. 2.—BOYS' COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 2.—The costume represented by this engraving is made of Oxford suiting and trimmed with velvet tabs, binding braid and tiny buttons. The pattern is No. 6275, and is in 5 sizes for boys from 3 to 7 years of age, and costs 25 cents. To make the costume for a boy of 5 years, 3 yards of goods 27 inches wide, with  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of Silesia, will be needed.



6276

## LADIES' OVER-SKIRT.

(DESIRABLE FOR WASHABLE GOODS.)

No. 6276.—This over-skirt is quite deep, and consists of a wide front-gore and a plain back-breadth. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. To make the over-skirt for a lady of medium size, will require 5 yards of material 22 inches wide, or 3 yards 36 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



6264

## LADIES' SHORT, ROUND SKIRT, WITH DEEP YOKE AND ATTACHED OVER-SKIRT.

No. 6264.—This model includes a plaited skirt and round over-skirt. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size,  $12\frac{1}{4}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $5\frac{1}{4}$  yards 48 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



FIGURE NO. 2.—BOYS' COSTUME.



6275

Front View.



6275

Back View.



6274

Front View.



6274

Back View.

## BOYS' COSTUME.

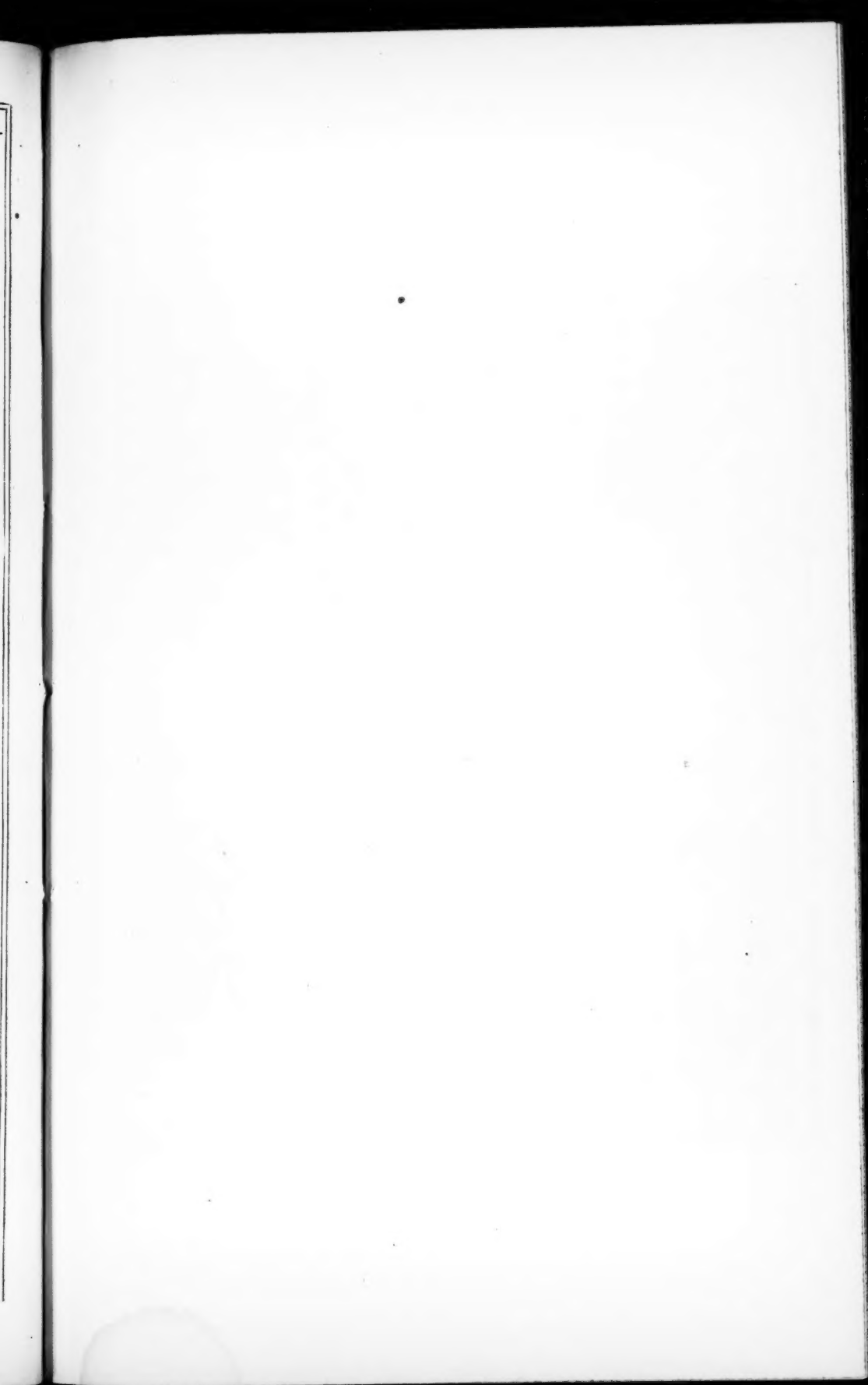
No. 6275.—The model to this jaunty costume is in 5 sizes for boys from 3 to 7 years of age. To construct the costume for a boy of 5 years will require 3 yards of material 27 inches wide, with  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of Silesia for the under-waist. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

## CHILD'S DRESS.

No. 6274.—The pattern of this pretty little dress is in 6 sizes for children from 1 to 6 years of age. It will require  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or 2 yards 36 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard 48 inches wide, to make the dress for a child of 4 years. Price of pattern, 20 cents.

**NOTICE:**—We are Agents for the Sale of E. BUTTERICK & CO.'S PATTERNS, and will send any kind or size of them to any address, postpaid, on receipt of price and order.

T. S. ARTHUR & SON, 227 South Sixth St., Philadelphia, Pa.





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